Photo *Ellis & Walery.*

Dark eyes, like some unfathomed pool
That lies in shadows all day long,
Where weary birds their parched throats cool
And hush their song;
Yet cheats of one imperial beam
The sun that stains the western skies,
What do you ponder, what do you dream,
Dark eyes?

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BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK.

From the Painting by Lady Alma-Tadema.

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FROM THE STALLS

Photo *Foulsham & Banfield.*

FLORENCE LLOYD.

A Talented Comedienne.

Some years ago, when touring in Australia, Miss Florence Lloyd was nearly killed by a runaway horse. She is a good rider, but the animal suddenly took fright, and Miss Lloyd lost all control.

She made a desperate attempt to leap to the ground, but her riding habit caught in the stirrup, she fell head downwards, and was dragged along for some distance. She was picked up unconscious, but no bones were broken, or other serious injury done.

Miss Lloyd never goes for a ride without thinking of that mad one in Adelaide. After such an experience many girls would think a good deal before venturing on horseback at all again.

Miss Lloyd has been before the public a good many years now. But then, you see, she began so very young. From the age of six she became prominent in pantomime and musical comedy.

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Photo *Ellis & Walery.*

RUBY KENNEDY,

Who Measures Five Feet Ten and a Half Inches.

She is a lovely blonde, nearly six feet in height—to be exact, five feet ten and a half inches.

Miss Ruby Kennedy is one of the latest and stateliest of stage beauties, and, according to her mother, very self-willed.

Oh! Mrs. Kennedy, but beauty has a right to be imperious.

As a schoolgirl she was full of pranks, a regular ringleader in all kinds of mischief. Lessons she loathed, but she was always artistic in dress, and handy with her needle, and fond of domestic life.

What a prize as a wife, beauty and domesticity combined!

When Miss Kennedy meets the man she loves, opposition from friends will be useless. Some of her relations opposed her going on the stage, but Miss Kennedy's determination soon swept them from her path.

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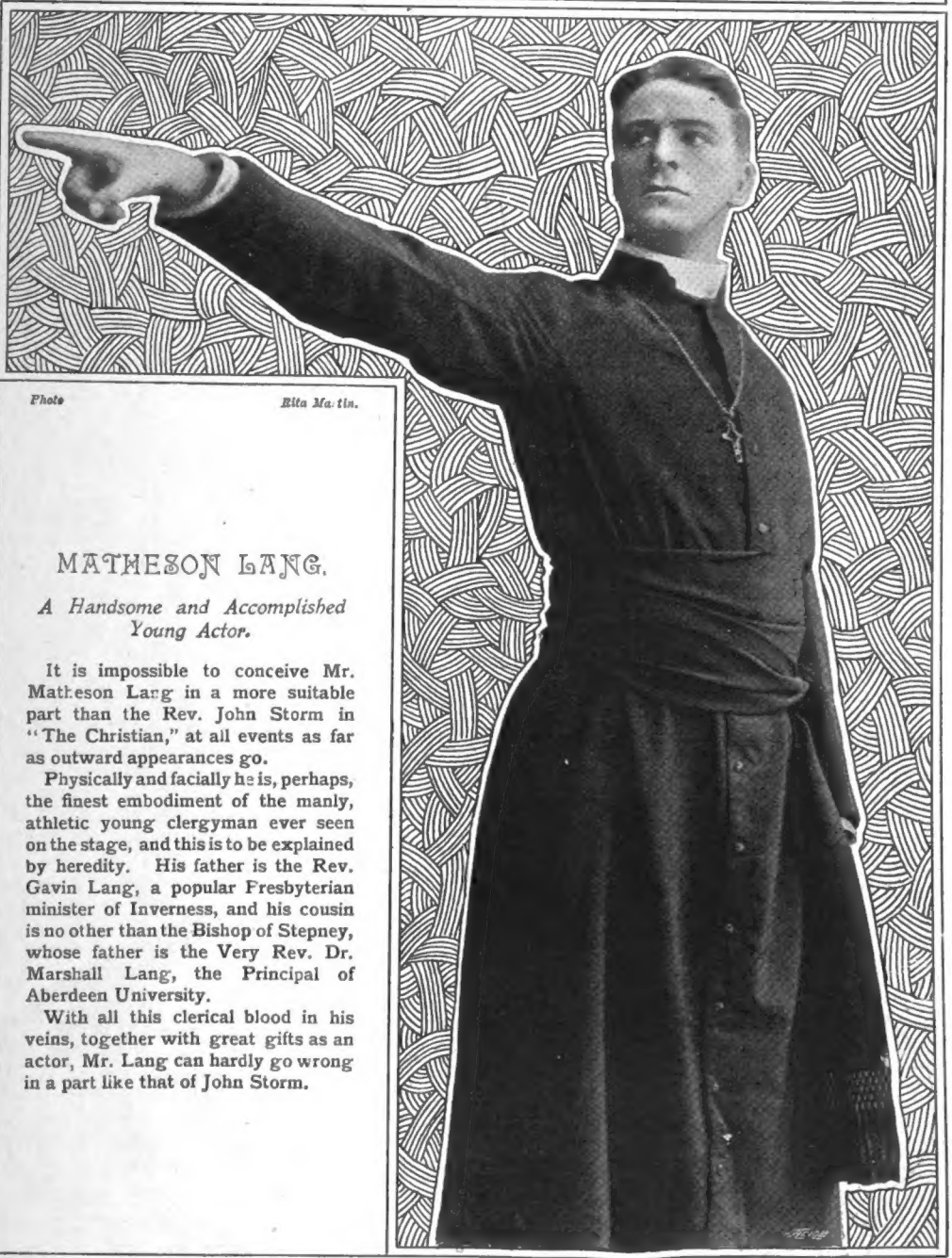

Photo *Rita Martin.*

MATHESON LANG.

A Handsome and Accomplished Young Actor.

It is impossible to conceive Mr. Matheson Lang in a more suitable part than the Rev. John Storm in "The Christian," at all events as far as outward appearances go.

Physically and facially he is, perhaps, the finest embodiment of the manly, athletic young clergyman ever seen on the stage, and this is to be explained by heredity. His father is the Rev. Gavin Lang, a popular Presbyterian minister of Inverness, and his cousin is no other than the Bishop of Stepney, whose father is the Very Rev. Dr. Marshall Lang, the Principal of Aberdeen University.

With all this clerical blood in his veins, together with great gifts as an actor, Mr. Lang can hardly go wrong in a part like that of John Storm.

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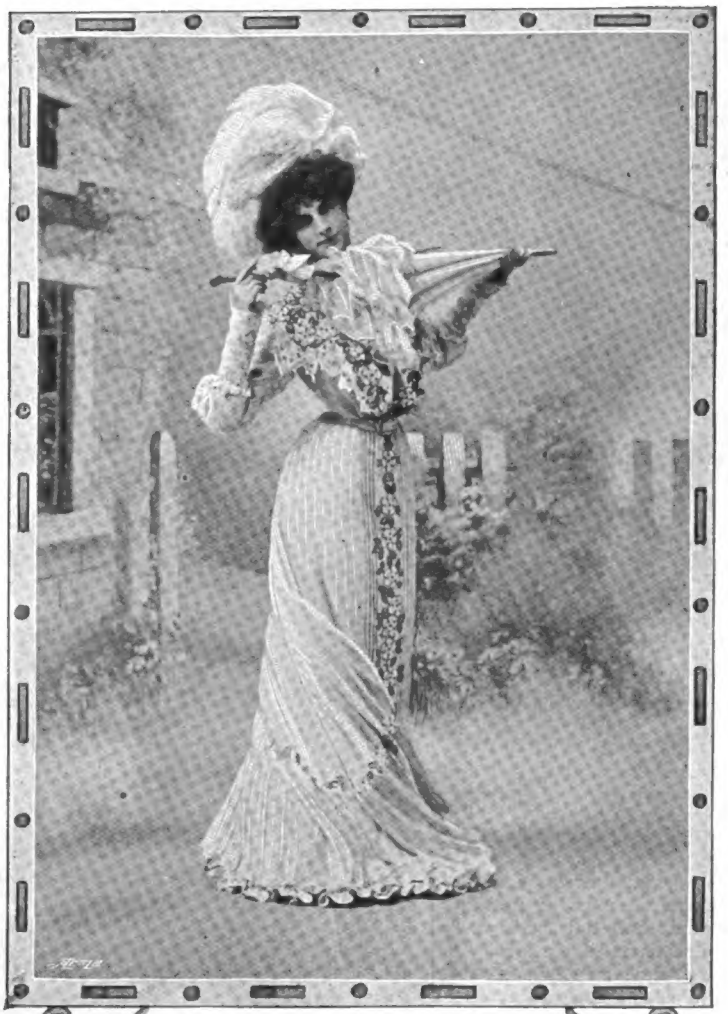

Photo Ellis & Walery.

TOPSY SINDEN.

Premiere Danseuse at the Empire.

Miss Topsy Sinden's first appearance in ballet was at Drury Lane at the age of six. She is a charming singer, too, and Clement Scott once wrote her a song that nearly cost her her life. The song was entitled "Help for Armenia." She sang it in Armenian dress, and the effect was heightened by the engagement of a real Turk, who was to rush on the stage and pretend to stab the maiden with a cruel-looking dagger. Whether the man had been drinking, or whether he was suddenly seized with a genuine Turkish thirst for blood is not quite clear. But he struck a murderous blow, which ripped open Miss Sinden's dress from neck to waist. Had she not recoiled slightly the dagger would have cut into her flesh.

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Photo *Lizzie Caswall-Smith.*

Mr. and Mrs. FORBES ROBERTSON

In Bernard Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra."

Mr. and Mrs. Forbes Robertson (Miss Gertrude Elliott) have two little daughters, Blossom and Baby. Blossom was at first very jealous of Baby, and pretended to think a great deal more of a toy sheep she had at the time of Baby's arrival.

Mr. and Mrs. Forbes Robertson are singularly alike in the matter of æsthetic tastes. They have acted together in "Hamlet," "Othello," "The Light that Failed," and in other plays. She is an American of Irish descent.

Forbes Robertson was originally an artist, well-known portraits of Miss Ellen Terry and Sir Henry Irving being from his brush. His most famous picture is "The Church Scene in 'Much Ado about Nothing.'"

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Photo *Foulsham & Banfield.*

MR. and MRS. WALTER PASSMORE (Miss Agnes Fraser).

Two Tremendous Favourites.

Both Mr. Walter Passmore and Mrs. Passmore (Miss Agnes Fraser) commenced their careers by singing in choirs, he at All Saints' Church, Kennington Park, and she in her little native village in Scotland.

Her first London appearance was as the solo singer in Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer," on the occasion of a sacred concert by the North London Congregational Church Choirs. And strangely enough both, from their earliest childhood, have been enthusiastic violin players.

In his time Mr. Passmore has been what one might call a good all-round man—"general utility," we believe, is the correct stage expression.

In his early days in a certain stock piece, he took the money at the door, acted as the orchestra, consisting of himself and piano, and sustained a heavy part.

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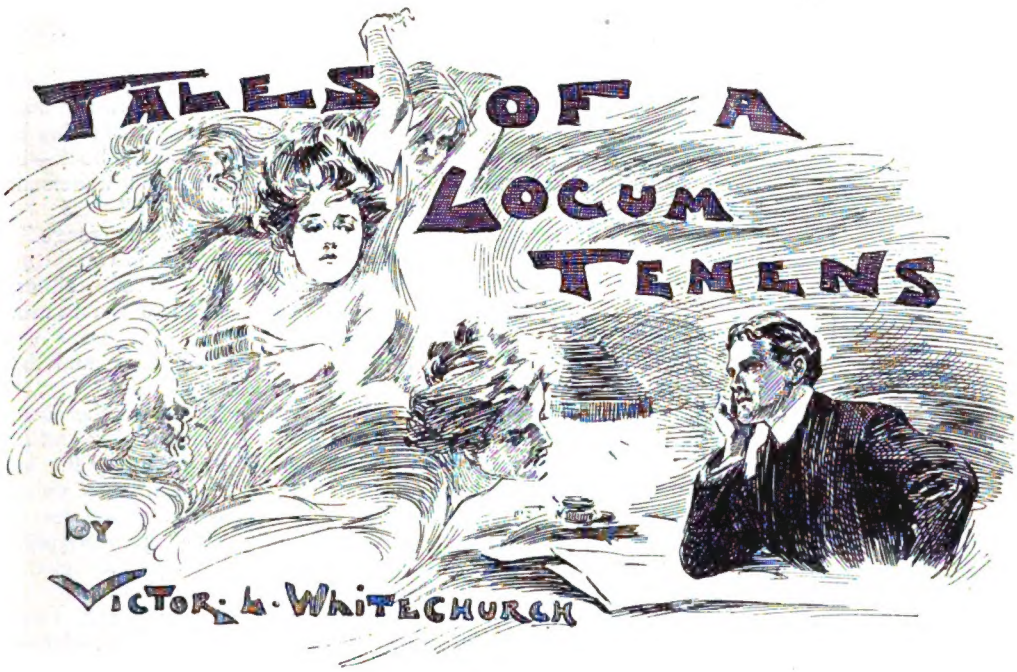

No. I.—THE ADVENTURE AT COPENHAGEN.

How an Apparently Innocent Fellow Traveller Proved Quite the Opposite.

It was a somewhat strange situation in which the Reverend Merrick Holt found himself—a strange situation, that is, for a young clergyman of three-and-thirty years of age. He was standing on the deck of the Esbjerg steamer, an hour out from Harwich, talking to a beautiful girl who stood by his side.

Not that there is anything very strange in a clergyman talking to a beautiful girl, for beauty has the call on clerical as well as on lay hearts.

But the peculiarity in the case of Merrick Holt was this: Until an hour ago he had never set eyes on his fair companion, and now he found himself as a kind of temporary guardian of her safety, the position having been assigned to him duly, if informally, by the young lady's father himself, who, again, was a total stranger to Merrick Holt.

It had come about just by chance. The Rev. Merrick Holt was at that time what may be called a supernumerary in the rank and file of ecclesiastical organisation. In other words, having served ten years as curate in three parishes, he found himself disengaged, owing to the death of his last vicar.

There was a family living, occupied at the present time by his uncle, who had announced his intention of retiring at the age of seventy—in about eighteen months—in his nephew's favour.

During these eighteen months he had determined to take no fixed charge, but to turn "guinea-pig," or, in more polite parlance, to act as locum tenens as occasion served.

He looked upon it as an opportunity for a certain amount of variety and experience before settling down for the rest of his life in a country parish.

He was on his way to relieve the chaplain of the English Church at Copenhagen while the latter took a summer holiday. The appointment had been briefly announced in one of the church papers.

It may have been the reading of the paragraph there, coupled with the calling out of the steward as he apportioned the berths, "The Reverend Mr. Holt, Number 18," that induced the old clergyman, who was seeing his daughter off at Parkeston Quay, to introduce himself to Holt and to ask him to see after her on the journey.

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"It is the first time she has ever been abroad," he said. "She is going to Copenhagen, and I am very anxious about her. If you *would* be so kind as to see that she gets there safely I should feel infinitely obliged to you. I believe you are going there as temporary chaplain, if I heard your name aright?"

The girl had protested that she was quite able to take care of herself, but the old gentleman had persisted in an appeal which a man with less gallantry than Merrick Holt possessed could scarcely have set aside.

She looked at him a little curiously as he stood on deck, the light from an electric lamp on his face. He was just a trifle over the average height, scrupulously dressed, with fair, wavy hair not very closely cut, fresh complexion, and soft, dreamy blue eyes. The features of his clean-shaven face, perhaps, most strongly marked, were his firm mouth and square chin, for it was a face that one would have expected, from the delicate forehead and upper features, to have ended in a pointed chin. The fact that it did not just added a certain resolute touch to the man.

"So you have never been abroad before?" he was saying.

He spoke with a singularly mellow voice, in rather slow and measured accents.

"This is the first time I have been out of England. It seems so strange to me."

"And yet," he remarked, looking at her thoughtfully, "I should scarcely have come to that conclusion if you had not told me so."

"Ah," she replied, with a laugh, "I know what you mean. You think I speak with a foreign accent, isn't that it?"

"I suppose that is what I meant," he said, with an air of a man who had not quite made up his mind on the point; "yes."

"That is easily explained. My mother was French, and we were all brought up to speak French at home. It is very useful to me now."

"Yes."

"You see," she went on, with just a touch of confidence in her voice, "my father's living is a very poor one, so I am going out into the world on my own account."

"To Copenhagen?"

"Yes. To a Danish family there. I am to teach English and French."

"I am told the Danes are a simple, hospitable people," said Holt, "and I hope you will be comfortable there."

"You don't know Denmark?"

"This is my first visit."

"But you speak Danish? I heard you ask one of the sailors something in Danish just now, didn't I?"

He laughed.

"No, I don't speak it," he said, "but I mean to try and pick it up. I was trying the effect of a sentence from a phrase book—but I'll confess to you that I didn't understand what he said in reply—did you?"

"I don't know a word of the language."

"You'll find German will help you."

"But I don't know any German either," she said with a smile, "I'm at sea in more ways than one."

Just then the supper bell rang, and they went below for the meal.

The next day passed with the usual monotony of sea life. Merrick Holt did not see very much of Miss Rowland, for she only appeared towards the evening, when she told him she had spent rather an unpleasant time in her cabin. He was studiously polite to her without presuming upon the chance acquaintanceship.

About eleven o'clock that night they were steaming slowly between the Island of Fanö and the low-lying Jutland coast, the lights of the little harbour of Esbjerg growing brighter. Passengers were bringing their hand luggage on deck, ready for disembarking.

"Mr. Holt," she said, "I'm going to ask you to carry up my roll of rugs. I'm afraid it's rather heavy, for I've wrapped up a number of books in them."

He certainly thought it was a little heavy as he brought it up on deck, and put it by his own Gladstone. They were swinging the boat round now. A crowd of people, porters, customs officers, and policemen, were waiting on the quay. Miss Rowland stood by his side, and in the press he felt that she was shivering.

"You are cold," he said, "let me help you on with your cloak. We shall soon be in the train now. Have you a sleeping berth?"

"N—no."

"All right. I'll see about it. Now then, here we are. Keep close to me. We must get through the custom formalities first."

She took his arm as they passed over the gangway. Among the group of hotel porters at the end of the gangway were two quiet-looking men, one on either side, who scrutinised the passengers keenly as they came off. It seemed to Holt that his companion clung more closely to his arm as they passed them.

"You will help me with the customs?" she asked, a little tremor in her voice.

"Of course. They'll bring your box

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presently, and you must unlock it. I'll see to your bag—here we are. Now you can sit down."

He laid his own bag, her small one, and the parcel of rugs on the counter. The official said:

"Yours, sir?"

"Yes."

"Open them, please—and those rugs."

Holt undid the straps of the latter, and unrolled them. No wonder they were heavy. Ten volumes of Scott's novels, neatly bound in leather, and carefully strapped together with a small strap.

The man smiled, quite satisfied, and ejaculated the inevitable "ver soh god!" as he chalked the luggage.

Then Holt went to Miss Rowland.

"Is it all right?" she asked.

"Yes—as soon as your box is in we'll get a carriage."

On the little platform, some half-an-hour afterwards, the same two men who were at the entrance of the gangway might have been seen. Holt secured a sleeping berth for his companion in a ladies' compartment, and turned to go to his own. As he did so, one of the men approached him, and said in very fair English:

"You are for Copenhagen, sir?"

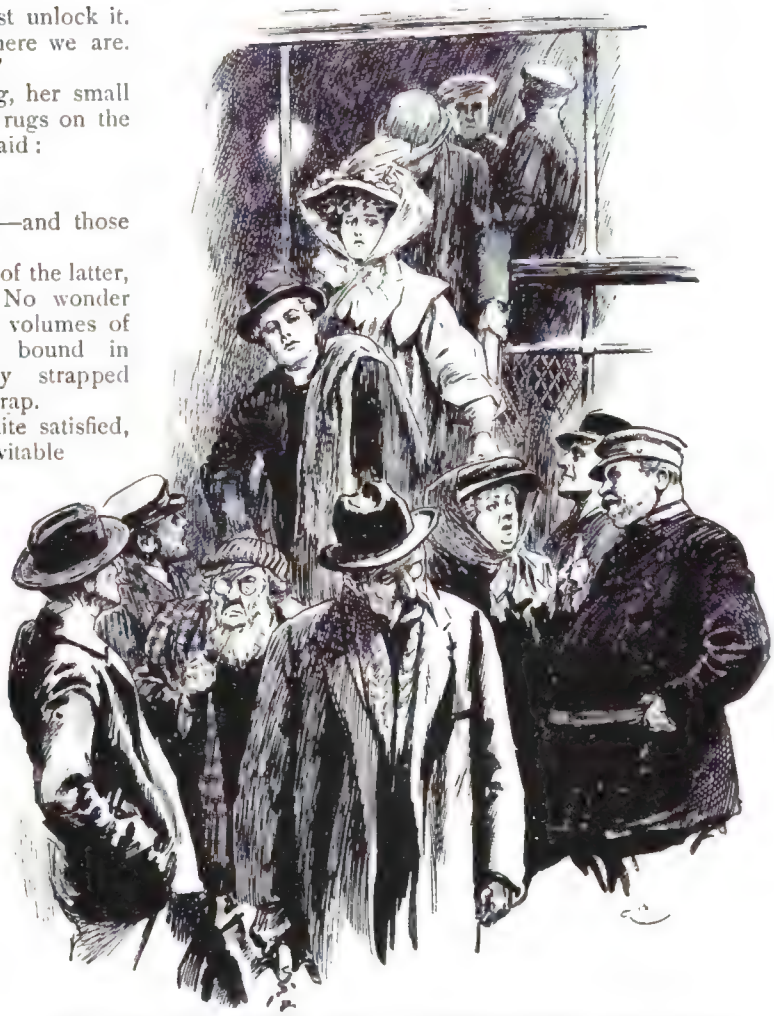
"Yes."

"And madame?"

"Of course. She is travelling with me," replied Holt, slightly surprised.

"Thank you, sir," said the other, raising his hat politely. Merrick Holt dismissed the incident from his mind as merely the courteous inquiry of one of the officials. He had heard that politeness is cultivated as a fine art in Denmark.

The first thing he did upon arrival at Copenhagen the next morning was to put Miss Rowland and her luggage in a cab. She thanked him profusely.



At the end of the gangway were two quiet-looking men, one on either side, who scrutinised the passengers keenly as they came off.

"You have been very kind," she said. "I hope we shall meet again. I shall try and find out the English church to-morrow."

"I am very glad to have been of any assistance," he said. "Where shall I tell the man to drive you?"

"Oh," she replied, "I meant to have given you the address. It is somewhere in the suburbs—a place called Valby. But Herr Jansen said he would meet me first at the Hotel Bristol. I am to go there now."

He gave the driver the name of the hotel, shook hands with Miss Rowland, and turned to see about his own luggage. Then he made his way to the Hotel d'Angleterre, where he was to stay during his locum tenency.

* * * * *

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"Yes," said Holt's companion, "I suppose you parsons have more knowledge of human nature than we give you credit for."

"You see," replied Holt, in his slow, musical voice, "if we are to be of any use at all in dealing with individuals, we have to be analytical as well as sympathetic."

"Very much like a doctor, in fact," said his companion, as he lit a fresh cigar and stretched his legs in the warm sunshine.

"Exactly. Though the doctor isn't always sympathetic, yet he can't do any really good work on human nature as a whole unless he is. You've used an apt analogy, and I'll tell you where the difficulty lies."

They were sitting on a seat on the Lange Linie, the beautiful promenade close by the English church. Before them was the harbour, with its bright scene of shipping interspersed with yachts and small craft. Across the small stretch of open sea beyond the coast of Sweden was faintly visible.

Holt had picked up his companion in the billiard saloon of the Hotel d'Angleterre. The latter was one of those Englishmen of the cosmopolitan type that one frequently meets on the Continent, a type that it is always delightful to rub shoulders with on account of the wider views that travel always accumulates.

All at once, while they were talking, Holt rose to his feet and took off his hat to a young lady, who returned his bow and passed on. His companion looked at her curiously.

"Do you know," said Holt, as he resumed his seat, carefully pulling up his trousers at the knee that they should not crease, "there goes an instance of what I meant just now. I acted as guide, philosopher, and friend to that girl last week."

He proceeded to explain.

"This is her first visit to the Continent," he said. "She is a quiet, apparently unsophisticated girl. Her conversation on the boat was most artless—and yet——"

"What?"

"When the train crossed the ferry from Fredericia to Strib, I got out of the carriage to take a look at things—I'm interested in engineering, I may tell you. Well, I distinctly saw her put her head out of the window of her compartment and heard her speak to a man—one of the officials, I suppose—in Danish. She didn't know I was there."

"I don't see anything in that."

"Only that she had told me on the boat that she didn't know a word of the language," said Holt drily.

The other did not reply at once. He smoked his cigar thoughtfully. Presently he said:

"I've a good memory for faces, and I know I've seen that woman."

"Where?"

"In St. Petersburg. I remember it perfectly. It was at a reception given by General Koravitch. I was not introduced, and I don't even know her name—but I don't often forget a face."

"But she told me—and so did her father—that she had never been abroad in her life."

The other took his cigar from his mouth.

"She told you also that she didn't know Danish!"

The two men looked at one another for a moment.

"Possibly you are mistaken," said Holt.

"Possibly—and you also."

A few minutes afterwards another subject engrossed their attention.

"A smart little craft," said Holt, pointing to a destroyer flying the Danish flag that was slowly steaming into the harbour. "A bit higher in the water than ours."

"And a smart little steam yacht that coming in just astern of her. What's her flag? Oh, no particular nationality—one of the yacht clubs, I suppose."

They watched the two boats, which were fairly close to each other. The former caught up a buoy and stopped. The latter came just by her and then dropped anchor, swinging round with the tide. Immediately she had done so a boat put off from the shore to her.

Holt's companion rose.

"Time to go back to the hotel, I think," he said. "Coming?"

"Yes."

"I think you said you were going away tomorrow morning, Mr. Holt?"

"Yes. I have no week-day duty here, and I want to see the country a little. I'm going to have a couple of days at Svendborg. I'm told it's a charming spot."

The quaint little seaport of Svendborg in the south of the island of Fünen is quite out of the beaten track of the tourist. Opposite is the charming isle of Taasinge, and the beautiful sound between is a favourite yachting resort. The morning after his arrival Holt was rowing about the sound in a skiff. He was an accomplished oarsman, and, in spite of his somewhat slight build, his muscles indicated a considerable reserve of strength when he chose to exert it.

Among the yachts lying at anchor opposite

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the picturesque village of Troense, on the isle of Taasinge, was a small motor-boat. Holt's attention was attracted by it.

"She is built on racing lines evidently," he said, resting on his oars and looking at her rather critically. "I'll get a little closer to her. I want to see what she's like."

A few powerful strokes sent his little craft close to the motor-boat. A couple of men were aboard her; one of them seemed engaged in doing something in the bows.

Merrick Holt had rested on his oars and his boat had crept alongside quietly. Suddenly the second man turned and saw it. Holt caught a muttered exclamation in German to his companion, who at once looked up.

Both men looked at Holt for a few moments, and then one of them said, in Danish:

"Do you want anything?"

Holt did not understand him and came a little closer.

"What do you say?" he asked, in German.

The man repeated the question in that language.

"No," replied Holt, "I was only interested in your boat."

"Perhaps you will keep a little farther away," said the other man rudely.

Holt looked at him with a smile and then drawled in not very good German, as he slowly filled his pipe and lit it:

"You seem to fancy yourselves masters of the Baltic."

In reply one of the men hurled a few German oaths at him, but he overheard the other say quietly:

"Let him alone. He's only an Englishman."

Merrick Holt was intensely amused at this, but at that moment something caught his eye and drove all thoughts of the humorous out of his mind. He continued to smile, however, waited till his pipe was in full blast, and then rowed slowly away. Ten minutes later he was ordering coffee at the restaurant which overlooks the little landing-stage at Troense.

"Whose motor-boat is that?" he asked the waiter casually.

The latter explained that he was not sure. He thought, however, it belonged to Kiel. The owners were certainly Germans. They had been there for nearly a week.

Even as he spoke, Holt saw the boat in question weigh her anchor and move slowly away, towing a little dinghy astern. He smoked his pipe and sipped his coffee thoughtfully.

The object which had arrested his attention on the boat was a parcel of books, bound in green leather, and strapped together. And it looked uncommonly like the ten volumes of Scott's novels that he had carried ashore at Esbjerg for Miss Rowland.

The following day was Saturday, and he returned to Copenhagen in readiness for his Sunday duties. More than once the next morning he looked round upon the congregation in the hope of seeing Miss Rowland there. But he could not discover her.

Holt had a quiet and sympathetic manner in the pulpit. His sermons were neither masterpieces of rhetoric nor of elocution, but there was something about the manner of their delivery that inspired confidence. One felt that one was listening to a man who had a very real knowledge of human nature, combined with a kindly sympathy.

And there was a distinct attractiveness about his quiet demeanour. A ranter in the pulpit may excite a certain amount of religious fervour at the time, but it is generally the preacher who speaks with an air of calm certainty and reason who not only carries conviction, but invites men to intrust their confidences or their consciences to him.

An experienced preacher can generally, from intuition, pick out members of the congregation who are really listening to him, and Holt noticed a man of about forty who was looking at him earnestly. He was not altogether surprised, therefore, when, on disrobing in the vestry, the man came in. He was a little man, with a very weak mouth and receding chin. His manner was flurried and nervous.

"Can I speak to you a moment?" he asked.

"Certainly."

"My name is James Barrett. I am English correspondent at a bank here."

"Yes."

"You—you will treat what I want to tell you—as—as—a clergyman?"

Holt looked at him gravely. The moral diagnosis came in here.

"You are quite sure you are right in coming to me?" he asked. "I think I ought to tell you first that if you have done anything wrong it is my office to help you, but not to shield you from punishment. Please forgive me if I have made a false suggestion."

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"No—no," replied Barrett. "I—I understand. But I want your advice. I—haven't exactly done anything wrong—I——"

"But you are in mortal terror about something, all the same, my friend," broke in Holt with a kindly gesture, as he laid his hand on the man's shoulder.

"I've been keeping it to myself—and I'm being watched—I——"

"Come, tell me what's the matter."

"Not here—I daren't. They saw me come into the church, I'm sure they did. Will you see me to-morrow morning, sir?"

"Very well. It's a Saint's Day to-morrow and I have a service here at eight. Come into the vestry afterwards if you like."

"I will—if I can. Thank you, sir."

He had bolted out of the church before Holt could say another word. The latter had dealt with men like this before, with men, that is, who wished to unburden a conscience, but who hesitated. He knew it was no use forcing the man, and he only hoped Barrett would turn up the next morning.

He did. And the story that he told was certainly far from being any that Holt had suspected. It appeared that before living in Copenhagen he had occupied a somewhat similar position at St. Petersburg.

There he had become somewhat foolishly entangled with the Revolutionary Party. Not that he had taken an active part in their propaganda, but he had once been prevailed upon to lend his assistance in effecting the escape of one of their members over the frontier, and had thus stumbled upon some information which he had been told to keep secret on peril of his life.

"But what has this to do with your present state of fright?" asked Holt.

"Everything. The woman I helped to escape is in Copenhagen—she is one of their leaders—I saw her on Saturday, and I know she recognised me, and I feel if she is discovered they will put it down to me—and—and—oh! it is terrible!"

"What is?"

"I'm sure she's come for a purpose, you—you don't know—I handled some correspondence at the bank—and I've guessed."

"What?"

"General Skobelov has a letter of credit—he is here—in a yacht in the harbour."

"Well?"

"Don't you know who General Skobelov is?"

Holt shook his head.

"The Tsar's children are in his charge. *Now* do you see?"

It was Holt's characteristic that when anything affected him deeply he invariably relapsed into dead silence. He was recalling certain incidents of the last few days—connected with those ten volumes of Scott's novels. Barrett looked at him anxiously. Five minutes passed. Then Holt spoke, still in the same calm voice. It was to give a brief description of Miss Rowland.

"Yes!" exclaimed Barrett, "that is she. How do you know her?"

"Never mind. Listen to me. You must be a man, Barrett, and not think of yourself in this matter. There isn't a minute to be lost. Take my card"—he scribbled a few words on it—"and go straight to the British Embassy. Tell them everything. I fancy the Danish police have been on the look out for suspicious characters coming into the country. I shall be there myself in an hour's time, so don't shirk it. But I've something to do myself first."

"What?"

"That's my business. Promise me you'll go, now?"

"Yes, I will," replied Barrett, who was inspired with a fresh courage from Holt's quiet and manly demeanour.

When once Merrick Holt had made up his mind on a course of action he went straight to the point, dismissing from his thoughts all other considerations. He just looked to see that his passport was in his pocket; then he went out of the church and made for the Lange Linie, which is close at hand.

The resident chaplain had placed his private boat at Holt's disposal, and several times the latter had taken a row round the harbour. In a quarter of an hour he had launched her, and was rowing out steadily in the direction of the yacht which he had seen entering the harbour the previous week. He thought he understood now why she had come in under escort of a Danish destroyer.

His plan was very simple. He had been made use of to introduce this woman into the country without suspicion, and he felt involved in a personal responsibility. He held an official British position in Copenhagen for the time being, and he meant to go straight to this mysterious yacht and claim an audience of her commander, feeling sure that a warning could not come too soon, especially when, by piecing things together, he had come to the conclusion that, if there were any truth in Barrett's surmises, the woman was by no means alone in the plot.

Had he walked along the Lange Linie parade his suspicions would have been still

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further aroused. For he would have seen "Miss Rowland" sitting on one of the seats, apparently absorbed in a book, but every now and then looking alternately at her watch and at the entrance to the harbour.

He might also have noticed that although the day was cloudy she had a white parasol open, and showing as a strong contrast to her black costume. There are various ways of signalling!

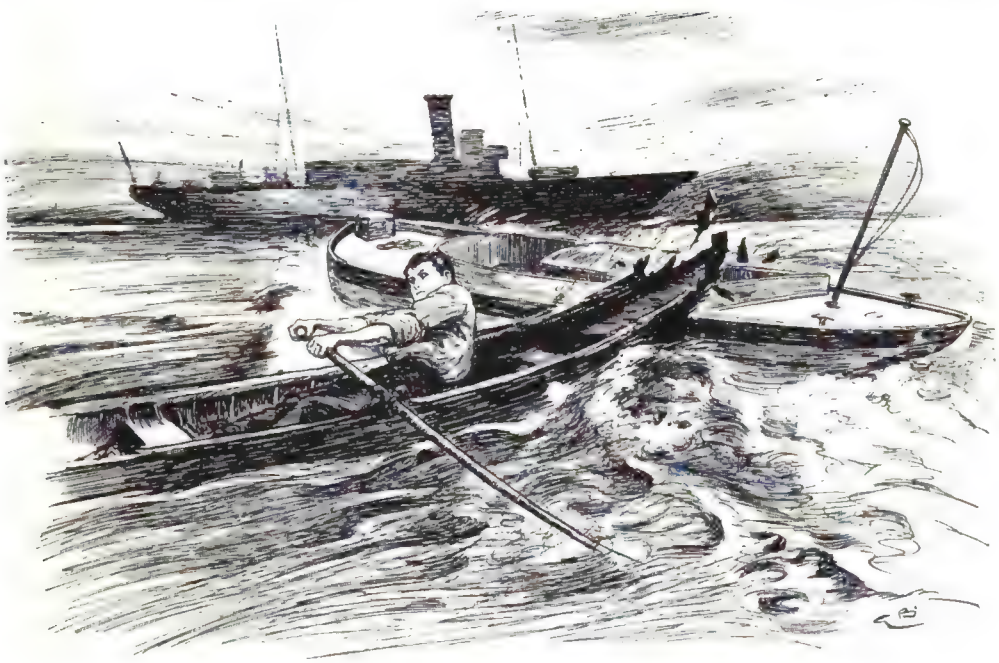
He was drawing nearer to the yacht when he observed two things. First of all a small steam launch, which had apparently been lying quietly in the harbour, was now following in his track at a distance of about 150 yards, and a man was standing up in her, looking at him through a pair of glasses.

The second thing he noticed was when he looked ahead over his shoulder. And what he saw caused him to rest on his oars with an exclamation of astonishment. For, coming into the harbour, silently and swiftly, was the motor-boat he had last seen at Svendborg, tugging the dinghy astern.

A flash of impending danger struck his mind. He waited, still looking over his shoulder at the motor-boat. The position of affairs was this: The yacht lay about 100 yards ahead on his port bow. The motor-boat had come up to a point about 400 or 500 yards distant from the yacht, away on his starboard bow, and had stopped. But something was happening.

The two men climbed over the stern to the dinghy, and, as they did so, the motor-boat shot ahead. One man in the stern of the dinghy seemed trying to steer, while the other, in the bow, held on to the stern rail of the motor-boat. Suddenly he let go, and the latter darted forward by itself, straight for the yacht, while the two men rowed for the farther side of the great harbour.

In a moment Holt grasped the terrible secret. Setting his teeth, he gripped his oars and gave way with all his might. Apparently those on the steam launch saw the danger as well, for, with a shrill hoot of its syren, it came on, full speed ahead. Holt had pulled in more than one big event in his college days, but with never so great a prize to gain as now.



One terrific pull, a crash, and the bows of his frail craft split like matchwood.

He gave one quick look over his shoulder. The motor-boat was coming along at terrific speed. If he could only cross its track in time!

He never thought of the awful risk, but strained every nerve. Twenty yards—ten—the thing was almost crossing his track. One terrific pull, a crash, and the bows of his frail craft split like matchwood, while he

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pitched backward over the seat with the shock, and the next moment he was struggling in the water.

But the motor-boat?

He had run into its stern quarter, just in the nick of time, deflected its course sharply to the left, and the thing went running right under the stern of the yacht, but without touching it.

Then, having its rudder damaged with the shock, it began to take a wide, circular course. After it went the launch, and in a few minutes it was secured, and a couple of Russian detective police were on board, making a cautious examination. All the more cautious when they saw a bit of iron rod projecting straight out through the bows.

Meanwhile, a boat had been lowered from the yacht, and Merrick Holt, none the worse for his immersion, presently found himself on board, talking to a genial, bearded gentleman who spoke English fluently.

"I imagine that I have to thank you for a very considerable service, sir," he said, "though at present I scarcely know what has happened. Allow me to provide you with some dry clothing, at all events."

"I am afraid, sir," said Holt, in his quiet, drawling voice, "that I have been instrumental in the construction of a new form of torpedo that would have been very unpleasant had it struck you—no, I am no Revolutionist, sir—except against my will. I will explain when I have changed."

Holt was right. In the bows of the motor-boat they found ten volumes of Scott's novels, with the iron rod running into the middle of the front of Volume I. And when they opened the dummy library they found it contained something much more sensational than Sir Walter ever wrote—something quite sufficient to blow up that trim little Russian yacht.

The two men were captured, but refused to give any information. One of them was a German, the other a Russian, and both were known as suspects. But the real author of the plot escaped. She shut up the parasol, which was the signal that certain august little personages were aboard the yacht, walked unconcernedly along the parade, and, although the Copenhagen police received a warning from the British Embassy, she managed to get safely away.

Some days later the bearded Russian called at the Hotel d'Angleterre and asked for the temporary British Chaplain.

"I have been commissioned to give you this, Mr. Holt," he said, presenting him with a beautiful signet-ring, "as a slight recognition of your courage and devotion. And," he went on with a smile, "His Majesty trusts that in future you will be careful how you assist in importing English literature to the Continent!"

WHEN KISSING'S IN SEASON.

"The gorse is in blossom—the air
On the hillside is laden
With delicate scent—so beware
How you walk, pret'y maiden!
You know the old saying, of course?
(To doubt which were treason)
That when there is bloom on the gorse,
Then kissing's in season."

But the maid, though she blushed a bright pink
(The effect being charming),
Replied, with conviction: "I think
'Twould be much more alarming
If, all of a sudden, the gorse
Should, without rhyme or reason,
Cease blooming; for kissing, of course,
Would then be out of season!"

Ada Leonora Harris.

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Photo *James Temple.*

This public-house, during floods in the Lea Valley, was surrounded by water, and had to be approached in boats and punts.

How in Many Places the Streets Become Canals During Particularly Wet Weather.

By John Jones.

America, the land of big things, can boast of many big floods; but the United States Government is ever ready to warn farmers when flood-danger looms ahead.

A department of the Weather Bureau is devoted solely to forecasting floods; and so perfect is the system that often the height of floods is foretold to within a fraction of a foot. Three or four days in advance agriculturists in the neighbourhood of the Missouri, the Mississippi, or the Lower Ohio receive warning when floods are imminent; while the flooding of swift-running mountainous streams is foretold generally about twenty-four hours beforehand.

In America, it is no uncommon thing for 10,000 square miles to be under flood at one time; and once it happened that the Illinois and Mississippi rivers united to form one continuous river, ten miles broad!

The experts of the River and Flood Department at Washington base their prophecies chiefly on reports of weather and on temperature readings. They study the topography of the districts under observation, and the character of the soil, and make themselves acquainted with all changes in the beds and banks of rivers, with the cutting and clearing of forests, and with all schemes for draining swamps. It is estimated that the cost of their wonderful work is one-tenth of 1 per cent. of the total value of the property that they save by their warnings.

We in this country do not take our floods so seriously; our farmers do not expect the Government to issue warnings, though the yearly damage which floods do in England must amount to untold thousands of pounds.

But probably few stay-at-home English people have any idea as to what a real flood means. That there have been floods responsible for the deaths of hundreds of thousands — nay, of millions of people, doubtless will be news to many readers. A history of the world's great floods would prove as instructive as fascinating.

Such a history would begin before the greatest of all inundations—*The* Flood.

It would go back to a flood which overcame the Euphrates Valley, the memory of

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It is not often that so much water as this can be seen from the historic walls of Windsor Castle. When this photo was taken the Thames had overflowed and flooded the adjacent country.

which is recorded on a table dating from Babylonian days. This Babylonian flood story is older than the story in Genesis, and while it may have been written between 1000 and 2000 years B.C., the myths on which it was founded were of far greater antiquity.

The story tells how one, Xisuthrus, tenth King of Babylon, was forewarned in a dream of the coming deluge, and built a great ship, 600 cubits long, 60 broad, and 60 in height, coated with bitumen. In this ark he put his household and his wealth and the beasts of the field. Then came the deluge. It endured for six days; and when the waters abated Xisuthrus steered for Mount Nizir, and sent forth a dove, which returned, and then a raven, which returned not. He accordingly came out and made a sacrifice, which pleased the gods; and a rainbow appeared as a covenant. This legend is supposed to be a reminiscence of a great cataclysm in the Euphrates Valley, caused by a tidal wave and a mighty rainstorm—and so here we have the earliest flood on record.

The Deluge legend is found in the folk-lore of very many races. The Jews have their version of it; it exists in Indian literature; it was known in Greece; while an early traveller noted that of one hundred and twenty different tribes in America, each possessed some sort of flood tradition.

This represents a footpath at Ray Mead Road, Maidenhead, under water during floods.

Among the great floods of history is one dating back to 684 A.D., when a Japanese island, Shikoku, measuring 780 square miles, was drowned by the sea. In 1100 there was a vast inundation of the sea in the South of England, the effect of which is felt to this day

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in the form of the Goodwin Sands, which this flood left as a legacy to posterity.

The history of brave little Holland is a history of ceaseless wars against sea-floods. In the thirteenth century a sea invasion is reputed to have drowned 1 0 0, 0 0 0 people; in the fifteenth century another 100,000 lives were lost by a mighty flood; while in the floods of 1646 the loss of life rose to 110,000.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau.*

Seldom does the 'bus running along Barnes High Street drive through water, but during a flood some time ago this actually occurred.

About the same time a flood at Kaifong, in China, is reputed to have drowned 300,000 people. Even this figure has been exceeded within living memory, for when the Hoang-Ho flooded in Ho-nana in 1887, the loss of life was reckoned in millions. Periodically, this mighty river changes the place where it discharges itself into the sea. Three or four hundred changes are recorded, and each one of them has involved enormous loss of life.

The great floods of recent years include one at St. Petersburg in 1824, when the Neva overflowed, and drowned 10,000 people. In the following year, one-third of Friesland was submerged. In 1856 floods in the South of France did damage to the tune of more than £5,000,000. In 1876 200,000 natives were drowned by a tidal wave in Bengal. Of quite recent floods, one of the greatest was caused by the tidal wave which overwhelmed Galveston, and another the flood which destroyed the Mexican town of Guanajua, causing the loss of a thousand lives.

Now and again in England we have a flood of which even America might be proud.

This is a scene outside the Thames Hotel, Maidenhead, during a flood. The only means of communication with the outer world was by punt.

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Photo *A. Yallop.*

This picture of the main road leading into Yarmouth was taken during the floods of January, 1905.

violent torrent, but they are not easy to be described."

The year 1903 saw vast floods out in England. It was calculated that if all the rain which fell in London during the first three-quarters of the year were collected in the city proper, that area would have been half-a-mile deep in water; and the volume of water would have been sufficient to create a lake of about 10,000,000,000 cubic feet. Some 3400 tons of water fell to the acre. This sounds prodigious, but is insignificant in comparison with the usual rainfall at Cherra Poonjee, Assam, where they can show as many as 30 inches of rain in twenty-four hours, and where rain has fallen to the amount of 80,500 tons to the acre. But Cherra Poonjee is the rainiest and the best-flooded place on earth.

There were some notable floods in the Thames Valley in the early days of 1904. No place in England provides a finer sight in flood-times, or better sport for the small

Such an one devastated the borders of Derbyshire and Cheshire in 1748. "The River Goit," says a contemporary account, "overflowed, and carried all the bridges, mills, and several houses away, besides washing out of their graves, at Hawfield Churchyard, fourteen bodies, which were found hanging upon hedges some miles from the church."

Some extraordinary things happened to a mill on a small brook belonging to the Duke of Norfolk. The mill itself was carried away, the great wheel dashed itself to pieces, and the force of the waters carried a millstone a distance of a quarter of a mile. The mill stood on a huge rock which was washed away, leaving a pool of water 9 feet deep in its place.

One old woman was found in the river Mersey seven miles from home, having had all her clothing stripped off her by the flood. "Other circumstances," says the account, "very surprising, attended this

Photo *A. Yallop.*

Gorleston Quay during the same flood.

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boy. Viewed from the heights of Windsor Castle, the Thames spread itself out like a huge inland sea, stretching for miles in all directions.

During London floods, the small boy gets as much fun out of the novelty as possible.

Riverside places like Maidenhead were converted into miniature Venices. Hundreds of houses stood several feet deep in water. On a Sunday, pretty little Bray church was completely cut off by water on one side, and, when the bells began to ring, dozens of punts, boats, and canoes, filled with worshippers, were to be seen making their way to the church.

At Lower Caversham pigs are a valuable asset of the cottagers. In view of the almost annual floods, they are taught from early youth to walk upstairs, and at flood-time many a specimen of fine Berkshire bacon surveys the waters serenely from upper windows.

Flood-time brings many fish stories. One tells of an extraordinary scene witnessed during the February floods of 1904 in the town of Lewes, when the Ouse overflowed its banks. When the flood receded it was found that a shoal of mullet had come up the river with the tide, and had been stranded in hundreds in the gardens. Boys and men were quickly on the scene with buckets and baskets to reap the unexpected sea-harvest, and one resident gathered three buckets of fish from his garden plot.

One of the most exciting flood incidents of recent years happened when part of the Underground Railway in London was flooded in the July of 1904. A train was brought to a standstill, and the horrified occupants found that the water, filthy with soot, was beginning to rise rapidly. Wild appeals for help went up, which soon became shrieks. The gas went out. Inch by inch the water mounted until it reached the cushions. It became impossible to leave the train, since the water outside attained a depth

A picture of Middlesex Wharf, Lea Bridge, during the floods.

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of about seven feet. The heat and smoke grew more and more unbearable. Many of the passengers thought their last moments had come, and that a horrible death was upon them; to make matters worse, someone climbed along a footboard, crying, "Nothing can save us!" After about an hour's waiting, however, the engines that came to the rescue succeeded in pulling the train into safety.

Photo *E. Spurr.*

Seeing that the notice-board is surrounded by water one or two feet deep, the legend on it is somewhat humorous.

In the August of 1905 disastrous floods wrought immense havoc in the county of Dublin. Houses were inundated, furniture and cattle were swept away to the sea, and many families were ruined.

Little Bray, on the coast, was devastated by the water. In the middle of a memorable Friday night the River Dargle, which flows down its main street, suddenly rose, overflowed its wall, and poured in a flood against the cottages with all the violence of a tidal wave. The water swept into the houses and rose a foot every few minutes, until it was between eight and ten feet high in the valley in which the town clusters.

The inhabitants soon evacuated their homes, making a rush for high ground, whence they watched their household gods floating out to sea. Soon only the roofs of some of the houses were visible, while many were completely submerged.

There were numerous exciting incidents. The flood, which travelled at nearly twenty miles an hour, swept away and drowned a labouring man; and another man who went to his rescue only managed to save himself by clinging to the door of a partly-submerged cottage, where he remained for three hours.

Photo *Scientific American.*

Two cars which took part in an 800-mile reliability test in the United States had to be towed through floods near Binghampton, N.Y.

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The Dance

What is it, when October's through
(And you look forward to the "flue")
That sundry friends invite you to?
The dance.

What makes you try to find a ruse
With which to gracefully refuse—
And end by purchasing new shoes?
The dance.

What makes you dress in frantic haste
(Since being late is *such* bad taste),
Arriving hot and crimson-faced?
The dance.

What makes you wear a sickly grin,
Before the violins begin,
Approaching damsels fat and thin?
The dance.

What makes you recklessly gyrate
With matrons of impressive weight,
Until you're in an awful state?
The dance.

What makes you tread on costly lace,
And have such withering scorn to face—
Retiring crushed and in disgrace?
The dance.

What makes you suddenly implore
The girl's opinion of the floor—
Convinced you've asked her that before?
The dance.

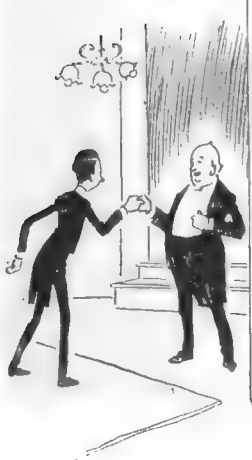
What makes you franctically raid
To fetch her cakes and lemonade;
Returning laden, find she's strayed?
The dance.

What makes you thank your host, and add:
"An awfully jolly time I've had!"—
And mutter to yourself "By Gad!"?
The dance.

What makes you when the cab has sped
You home again with aching head,
Thankfully tumble into bed?
The dance.

What is that so-called "bit of fun"
Which every year you mean to shun
And end by going to every one?
The dance.

R. C. Tharp.



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Real Life Romances.

The Editor is Always Pleased to Purchase from Readers Real Life Romances that are True, Substantiated by Names and Dates (not Necessarily for Publication), and Five Hundred Words in Length.

After Many Years.

THE ROMANCE OF A BLIND BEGGAR.

SCENE number one of this little drama shows a blind boy, seven years of age, led by his sister of five, begging in the streets of Paris. The second scene takes place some twenty years later.

This tiny and forlorn couple, even at such an early stage of their career, had "seen better days." They were the children of a man named Bregaut, who, having the misfortune to become a widower, married again.

The second wife very soon made no secret of her cordial dislike for her step-children, systematically ill-treating them.

In an evil moment she turned the children into the street to beg, and at length there came a day when the small Marguerite, at the bidding of an austere constable, led her brother to the police-station. There her pitiful little history was listened to with compassion by the magistrate taking the case, and then began for the brother and sister a gap in their lives of twenty years' separation; he being sent to one reformatory, and she to another. At these institutions they remained until of an age to shift for themselves.

Marguerite, on her release, made every inquiry about her brother, but to no purpose. Having learnt the art of embroidery, she had, by dint of industry and perseverance, become able to support herself in a fair degree of comfort, when, one November day, upon crossing the Pont des Saints-Pères in Paris, she passed a blind beggar, who, hearing footsteps, asked for alms.

Dropping a coin into the customary tin mug, she was turning away, when the brass badge upon the man's chest caught her eye, with the name of Hippolyte Bregaut engraved upon it!

The brass badge upon the man's chest caught her eye.

In a moment her arms were round the neck of the astonished mendicant, her kisses on his face, and she was crying hysterically: "Hippolyte! Hippolyte! I am your own sister, Marguerite. Oh my dear! don't you know me?"

The blind brother was quite overcome, as may easily be imagined. He burst into a fit of sobbing, and stammered out: "They told me you were *dead*."

By this time the inevitable crowd had gathered upon the bridge, and the inevitable constable was again to the fore. With praiseworthy promptitude he arrested the beggar, despite the tearful intreaties of his sister, who, following them to the police-station, told, for the second time, a touching tale.

At its conclusion, and with the sympathy and congratulations of the court, Mdlle. Bregaut had the felicity of leading her recovered brother to her own home.

What joy and happiness was that of the brother and sister, thus providentially brought together after so long a separation! Indeed, their mutual affection was only strengthened by the sad past.

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A Mountain Tragedy.

A ROMANCE OF THE ALPS.

LAST October two Englishmen ascended the Dent du Midi in the Rhone valley district of the Alps. They started from the little town of St. Maurice, but when only half way upon the return journey, a fierce snowstorm overtook them.

They struggled on, but each moment the snow became thicker, when all at once something black loomed out of the blizzard in front of them. They found it to be one of the small huts which are placed at intervals upon the mountain side for travellers' use.

Though bare and ramshackle, it at least provided shelter from the storm, so they entered. Luckily one of them had a candle with him. Lighting this they looked round the hut, and were both startled to see a long, dark object lying in the corner.

They . . . were both startled to see a long, dark object lying in the corner.

Upon examination it proved to be a man, but either insensible or dead, for though they shook him he gave no sign of life.

They poured brandy from a flask down his throat, and after several minutes he opened his eyes and looked about him in a dazed sort of way.

Meanwhile the storm continued unabated, and the travellers saw that the only thing to do was to make a night of it in the hut.

The strange man was now sitting up, though he spoke no word in answer to questioning. He had a wild appearance, and his eyes wore a curious look, which they put down to his hardships.

They must have dozed, for when one of the Englishmen opened his eyes the candle was nearly burnt out. But by its feeble light he was enabled to see a weird sight, and one which made him cry: "Good God, look out!" for there, creeping along the floor, with an ugly-looking knife in his hand, was the strange man. The Englishman had just time to pull his sleeping friend to one side, when the man made a stab at him, but with his stick the other succeeded in knocking the knife out of the man's grasp.

The lunatic, for now, by his foaming mouth and wild eyes they knew him to be such, sprang forward with a snarl like some wild beast, and threw himself upon them.

Although two to one, they had all their work cut out, for the stranger fought with the strength of madness. At last, however, the Englishmen were able to overcome him and thrust him outside the hut.

Even now they were not rid of him, for in his mad fury he smashed the window and tried to gain an entry that way, heedless of the glass that cut him. But with their sticks the Englishmen managed to keep him back till he desisted.

The hours dragged on till dawn, by which time the storm had abated, and the travellers were able to proceed upon their way.

They looked for signs of the stranger, at the brink of a small mountain pond they saw him lying face downwards in the snow. They went up to him, but all sign of life had departed; he was frozen to death.

In St. Maurice they learnt his history; he had escaped from an asylum, and had evaded all efforts at recapture.

The Englishmen were of course much shocked at his death, but what else could they have done? He was certain, in the great strength born of his madness, to have killed one of them had they not turned him out of the hut. The thought of having turned a fellow creature adrift to die in the snow was unpleasant, but what then?

It was either his life or theirs!

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A Traitor to His Country.

A ROMANCE OF A FRENCH GOVERNMENT OFFICE.

ON a certain morning not many weeks ago the French Minister of Marine was thrown into a state of indignation and dismay. The cause of his perturbation lay in a letter that had just reached him.

The Minister studied the letter, the while revolving in his mind a means of reply. Here was a man who had, so he said, documents of the highest importance to the Marine Department, as well as photographs, calmly demanding close on one hundred and fifty thousand francs for their return, otherwise—and here, no doubt, the Minister's face hardened—otherwise he would sell them to another Government.

A certain place in Toulon was mentioned, where, by following a signal, the consent of the Minister could be signified to the writer with little fear of discovery.

To the Minister it was obvious that the man was in earnest. Such elaborate precautions to avoid revealing himself pointed to this clearly.

But it would be in no way difficult to capture the man by subterfuge. Yet in doing so the stolen documents and photographs might not be recovered.

So the Minister decided to submit seemingly to the man's proposals. Following the careful instructions in the letter relating to the manner in which communications were to be made, the Minister of Marine arranged for an emissary to meet the spy, for such he undoubtedly was, and to pay over the sum demanded.

The scene now changes to Toulon. But in the shifting the Minister had arranged a very clever piece of diplomacy, and anxiously he awaited tidings of its success.

Punctually at the time appointed, the emissary of the Minister stood in a certain lonely street in Toulon. A man approached and signed to him to follow him. The two entered a lonely passage. Then, wheeling round suddenly, the man covered the emissary with a revolver.

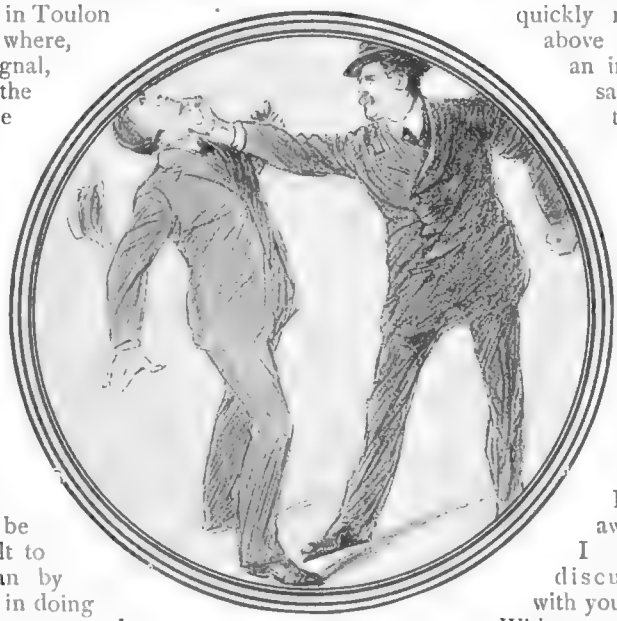
A gleam of triumph shone in his eyes. The expression of his face seemed to imply:

"Aha, my friend, you are not dealing with an inexperienced criminal, I can assure you. You will not play any tricks on me, I will see to that."

"Are you the emissary from the Minister of Marine?" he asked.

The other nodded, as he quickly raised his hands above his head. Still, an inward chuckle of satisfaction passed through him on observing that the stranger was a young man.

"I am unarmed, as you can see if you choose," now protested the emissary, "and my business here is to receive the documents. But unless you put away that revolver I must refuse to discuss the matter with you."



The emissary sprang forward and felled him to the ground with a swift blow under the chin.

Without a word the young man thrust the revolver into a side pocket. Thereupon, with a shout of triumph, the emissary sprang forward and felled him to the ground with a swift blow under the chin.

* * * * *

Some hours later the Minister of Marine received the telegram for which he had long been anxiously waiting. The man was arrested. He was an ensign in the navy. Still, in spite of this, no doubt the Minister smiled as he thought of the surprise of the man when he learnt that on this particular occasion the emissary of the French Minister of Marine had been the Professor of Boxing at the military school of Joinville.

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A Loss—and a Find.

THE ROMANCE OF A STOLEN SPANIEL.

ONE day during last July, the house of a certain Parisian tradesman was filled with concern. Fido had disappeared. In no room, not even in the shop, nor in the little garden at the back of it, could a trace of him be found.

The women were in tears, and as the day wore on, and the beloved little spaniel still continued to make sorrow by his absence, the conviction grew that Fido had, indeed, been stolen. To every police-station a full description of the little dog had been sent. His name, his colour, shape, and all the little tricks by which he had endeared himself to his owners were carefully described. Even a photograph of him was forthcoming to aid in his discovery.

Still the days wore on, and, despite all efforts — even the offer of a handsome reward—Fido's little basket, where he was wont to curl himself up each night, remained empty, cold and bare.

August passed, September, too, and half October. To some extent time had lessened the grief that Fido's loss had occasioned. Still the little spaniel was not forgotten.

Still clasping the dog in his arms, the young Frenchman met her indignant gaze.

Then, one day, as is often its wont, the unexpected happened. The son of Fido's master was walking along the Rue D'Amsterdam. Something scratched at his trousers, then a warm tongue licked his hand, and the air about him became filled with joyous little barks. It was Fido—Fido mad with delight, returned from—who could tell where? But, nevertheless, as trim and sleek as on the day on which he disappeared.

The young Frenchman bent down and clasped the little animal in his arms. No doubt he felt inclined to take himself off at full speed, and to announce the good news at his home. But someone barred the way. It was a lady. Still clasping the dog in his arms, the young Frenchman met her indignant gaze.

"That is my dog," she said. He looked at her, and would have replied with warmth, but—she was pretty. So, instead, the young Frenchman quietly told the story of Fido's loss, and pointed out, to show the truth of it, the little spaniel's delight and recognition.

He enlarged on his affection for the animal, the desolation of the home now it had gone, and the grief of his little sister at the protracted absence of their lost pet.

"But I bought him from a man who said he had brought him up from a puppy," she pleaded, with voice and eyes so full of distress that the young Frenchman felt himself turn hot all over, whilst his heart began suddenly to thump against his ribs in a most mysterious manner. Then he asked the girl, for she was little more than a girl, to accompany him to his home, and there, before his father and mother, she would see that the little dog would know them both.

So together they walked to his home. And, strangely, the young Frenchman wished with all his heart that the distance had been twice as far. He talked and sympathised with the girl, but the thought of losing Fido hung heavily on her mind.

Now the lover of proverbs is wont to say on such an occasion as this one was, that every cloud has a silver lining. That saying is precisely what Fido's adventure was destined to prove. When the young Frenchman first met the girl his heart thumped; then he wondered. A fortnight passed: then he knew. So now a wedding is decreed.

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The Life History Of A Tiger

Moolraj, the Chief of **Shikaris**, *Narrates the History of Lal Bagh, a Famous Tiger.*

By Sarath Kumar Ghosh.

The tiger is the animal that is most misunderstood by men. And the pity of it is that in reality the tiger is splendid enough, glorious enough, magnificent enough to be the hero of the most sensational episodes that can enter into man's imagination. Truth is much more marvellous than fiction—in the case of the tiger.

Now Moolraj had participated in tiger-hunting in the heyday of its glory, and, in a professional capacity in the service of Rajahs and English sportsmen, had studied the habits of tigers in Bengal as well as the ways of wild elephants in Mysore. He had seen or heard of, had hunted or had been hunted by, all the best-known tigers of the last generation. For the *shikari* who would hunt the tiger a dozen times must be prepared to be hunted at least once. As for fame, an unusually large or ferocious tiger generally leaves behind evidences of its deeds and misdeeds—and sometimes dies in a blaze of glory, momentarily turning the tiger-hunt into a man-hunt.

"Tell me the story of the best tiger thou hast known," I asked Moolraj.

"The best I have known was Lal Bagh; but not the largest. The best because he seemed to combine in himself all the true attributes of his species. But he was big enough in size—bigger than any ever seen by the Heaven-born's friends in England."

"True, Moolraj. For they have only seen those in their Zoos and menageries."

Moolraj smiled grimly. His lips curled. "Is it true that they *breed* tigers there?"

I laughed. I remembered the Zoo in Dublin—and admitted the impeachment.

Moolraj's smile was now sardonic. "Then they are not tigers. They are coloured *cats!* In ten generations I could reduce tigers to cats by breeding them in a cage! If a human child were brought up in a cage from infancy, how high would it grow by the age of full manhood?"

"Impossible to say definitely, Moolraj. But an ancient Persian King did try the experiment; and the boy was only two-thirds of his proper height at full age, owing to the want of any exercise."

"Then imagine the difference between the so-called tiger brought up in a cage from cubhood and his brother in the jungle, who often has to roam forty miles to catch his breakfast! Has the Heaven-born ever noticed the action of some poor confined beast? Up and down, up and down, he makes the circuit of his prison from sunrise to sunset, and often at the midnight hour. What does he think of the two-legged animals that pass in a ceaseless stream before him, gaping at him? But that comes later. Now for the beginning.

"Lal Bagh was born in the Sunderbunds, the original home of the Royal Bengal tiger. The vast tract at the mouth of the Ganges, covering an area of five thousand square miles, is intersected with innumerable little streams and rivulets, and alternates between the densest jungle of reeds and bushes and the finest forest of sal and teak. All manner of wild animals are found there, because of the

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plentiful supply of water; for where there is water there is life.

"The number of cubs a tigress has varies from two to five, but three is the usual number. Lal Bagh had a brother and a sister at birth, who were subsequently brought up with him. Now the mother's conduct depends entirely on circumstances. One tigress may have to hide her cubs from her mate, lest he should devour them if pressed by hunger; while another will receive from him a tender attention which seems incredible to the popular mind habitually taught to regard the tiger as a monster of iniquity. The tiger, stripped of his skin of ferocity, is but a man. In death, after being skinned, his appearance is startlingly human.

"The tiger is strictly a monogamous animal. Bigamy is practically unknown. Divorces may occur when the family is finally parted, and the tiger may have a fresh wife; but always one at a time. Lal Bagh's father was of the dutiful order. Whereas some tigers desert their wives when most needed, he stayed by his to protect the cubs and to supply her own wants. He would go out to capture food as usual, and if the prey were portable, such as a deer, bring it home bodily. If it were a bullock which he could not possibly carry, he would finish his own meal first, return to the den to guard the cubs, and send out the tigress for her meal. In that case the bullock would be sufficiently dismembered in two or three days to enable the male to tear out a limb or a few ribs to bring home in his mouth —to save his wife the trouble of the journey.

"This is the exact period for a man who wishes to possess the cubs to kill the parents. By noticing the missing ribs or other bones an expert *shikari* knows at a glance that the killer has a mate to feed, otherwise the bones, even if torn out, would be found in the immediate nighbourhood. The hunters may now hide in a tree near the 'kill,' shoot the tiger on his return, and afterwards the tigress.

"Fortunately for Lal Bagh, when I discovered the bullock I had no desire to bring up tiger-cubs in a cage. My comrade, Gopal, a mercenary fellow, demurred. 'A hundred rupees for two skins, and fifty apiece for the live cubs from the English sahibs,' he murmured.

"'Wait, brother,' I answered, 'and thou shalt have the same money, and a little more besides for the sport. I have marked the cubs, and shall know them again when full grown.' So I was content with keeping my eye on them for the time.

"So far they had fed on their mother's milk, and had stayed in the same spot. When six weeks old they were able to trot behind their mother, leaping and tumbling over one another as playfully as kittens. The tigress now accompanied her lord on his foraging expedition, but never very far for fear of tiring the cubs or exposing them to peril. But if, owing to scarcity, he had far to go, and did not return for a day or two, she would hide the cubs in some hollow under a tree, and go foraging for herself.

"If in the mother's absence a hungry wolf or hyena came near the cubs, they would spontaneously take up a defensive line of their own even at that tender age. And woe to the intruder if the mother returned unexpectedly and discovered from the demeanour of the cubs that they had been molested. A jealous wife, a mad dog, an elephant in *musth*, and a wounded tiger are the most dangerous things on earth in that increasing degree; but a tigress deprived of her cubs is more dangerous than all four combined. Knowing that fact, the wise man and the wary animal leave the cubs alone.

"At the age of three months the cubs were able to eat flesh. Lal Bagh's father had killed a large antelope, which he had dragged some distance by the neck; then, finding it difficult to bring it all the way, had actually scooped up a hollow in the soft earth under a tree, and partially hidden it with leaves. Without eating a single mouthful himself he came to fetch his family.

"The mother selected the under part of the antelope as being the softest, tore out a piece, masticated it into mincemeat, and gave a little of it to each of the cubs. Endowed with the strong digestion possessed by all members of the feline or canine tribe, the cubs were well able to live on such food for the future. As for the parents, they tore out a mouthful, and seemed to gulp it bodily after a bite or two.

"In the next stage the cubs were able to feed entirely by themselves. The mother and father merely sat down beside the dead prey, and let the cubs carve as they pleased. And it was curious to observe how they had to learn by experience.

"At first they simply leapt upon the body of the prey, and tried to fasten their teeth on any portion indiscriminately—to their discomfiture and disgust. For though it was only a small *nilghai* (blue deer) of tender flesh, their own milk teeth at four months were feeble.

"Then Lal Bagh trotted round the body,

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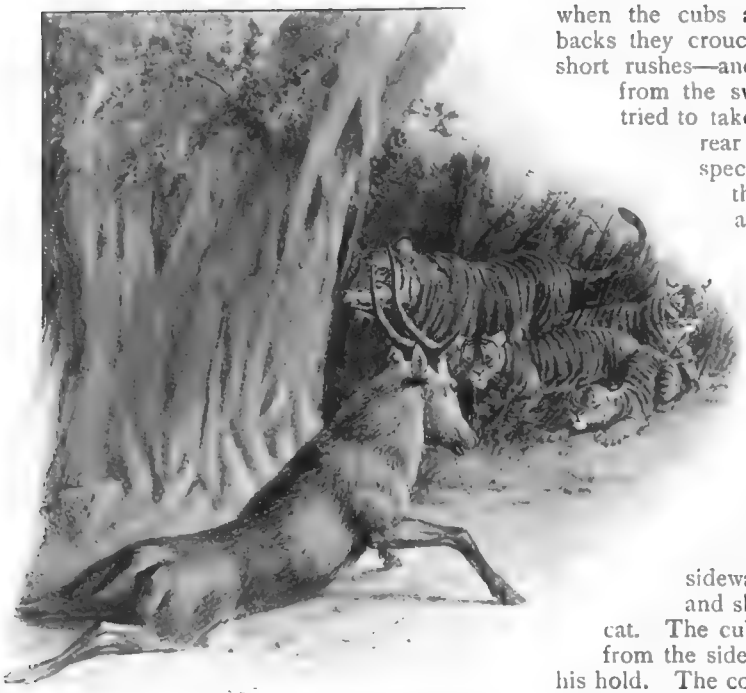

"The dying antelope lay on the ground, but reared up its head fiercely when the cubs approached."

tried a bite here and there, and then to his surprise and pleasure found that his teeth penetrated the flesh of the prey at the throat. After he had had a meal his father tumbled him out with a gentle pat—which sent him sprawling on his back—to let his brother and sister have a chance.

"Then came a more difficult task—to worry and finish a disabled prey. They were now six months old, and as big as small leopards (that is, in Western analogy, about the size of a large English mastiff). The whole family now went to the hunt together, the father making the direct attack, and the mother staying a little behind to cut off any retreat; the cubs being mere spectators in the initial stages. The animal attacked was a sambur, and magnificently antlered though it was, the tiger could have killed it outright by a single blow of his paw on the neck. But on leaping upon it he merely broke its back, and held on till the mother and cubs ran up. Then the parents stood aside, ready for emergencies, whilst the cubs came valorously to the attack. It was a sight I was privileged to witness from a neighbouring tree.

"The dying antelope lay on the ground on its hind part, but reared up its head fiercely when the cubs approached. With arched backs they crouched before it, then made short rushes—and retreated ignominiously from the sweeping horns. Now they tried to take the prey on the flank and rear; and after a brief circumspection Lal Bagh ran up from the side, jumped on the antelope's back and tried to fasten his teeth on the back of its neck. But a vigorous shake of the head cast him off, for the antelope's skin at the *back* of the neck was thick enough to resist the cub's milk teeth.

"Then tired of the sport, or perhaps hungry for his meal, the father stepped up to the prey sideways, seized it by the *throat*, and shook it in the manner of a cat. The cubs understood, and ran up from the sides, while the father released his hold. The conduct of the cubs was now almost ludicrous.

"They clutched at the throat from underneath, and began pulling, tugging, jumping indiscriminately. The father's shaking had no doubt enfeebled the antelope; so the cubs tugged and worried with impunity, and at last the stag's noble head sank lower and lower, and lay still on the ground.

"Now I must tell the Heaven-born the various ways a tiger seizes and kills its prey. The prey may be comparatively weak, but swift—such as an antelope. Or it may be a strong, but slow-footed animal, such as a bullock. If the former, the main problem is to catch it—which the tiger usually does by hiding in the grass till the unsuspecting deer either comes within striking range or is successfully stalked. Then, with a short rush and a final leap, the tiger reaches it, and generally kills it outright by a single blow of the paw on the back. But if a bullock or any other powerful and horned cattle, the tiger never leaps, but approaches by a series of rushes. And the tiger reaches its prey invariably from the side or back.

"But now the procedure varies. In most cases, especially if the bullock be strong and violent, the tiger seizes it by the *throat* from underneath. It then places its hind legs at right angles to the body of the prey, and by a sudden jerk upwards of the jaws tries to throw its victim off its balance on to the

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offside. In most cases the wrench is also sufficient to dislocate the victim's neck.

"Occasionally the tiger is not required to use its fangs, the paw alone being sufficient —when it strikes down the prey from above. A large tiger, standing upright on its hind legs to sharpen its claws on a tree, has been known to leave claw-marks on the bark at a height of ten or even twelve feet. So the enormous force it can employ on cattle only half that height is more than enough; standing beside a beast, and resting one paw on the shoulder, it will often break its neck with a single blow from the other; occasionally even smash in the skull.

"Sometimes, though rarely, the tiger has been known to sever the victim's jugular vein with the claw. In the first instance that may have been done accidentally by a slanting blow, and then, seeing the rapid death of the prey, the method may have been subsequently employed intentionally. Be that as it may, the tiger does not drink the victim's blood—which is only a popular error. The cheetah does.

"I have mentioned these various ways of catching and killing the prey merely to indicate the main duties of the mother in instructing her cubs, for at this period she receives little or no help from her mate. Food may be scarce, and the growing wants of the family more than can be conveniently supplied by the jungles of the neighbourhood. So it is more natural and economic to let the mother and cubs exploit the easiest hunting-grounds, and the father to seek more distant regions. At first he may return after several days or weeks, then never—though occasional family reunions have been known to occur even when the cubs were in their third year, and about to separate from the mother.

"Such reunions are generally accidental, and may happen after special circumstances, such as a prolonged drought. Food is scarce, water scarcer. Guided by their marvellous instinct, the denizens of the jungle will make a gradual movement towards the one spot where water may be found, and therefore food also. Starting perhaps a hundred miles apart, and eating all they can find on their way, the family may meet in their search for the land of promise.

"So when Lal Bagh was ten months old, his father's periodical returns ceased altogether. From his mother he now learnt the tricks of the jungle, such as the method of obtaining food in all circumstances—and, what was still more important, the perils of the jungle. For even the most powerful tiger has many perils, not only from the *shikari*, but also from other animals—perils which would soon compass the death of an unwary tiger. But that war of the jungle is a vast subject in itself; perchance I shall discourse on it some other day.

"The tigress' wholesale maternal depredations began when the cubs were in their second year and about 6 feet in length (including tail—that is, a little over 4 feet for the body). A full-grown tiger, hunting on its own, will rarely kill more than one animal at a time, and that only about once a week.

"There is no greater blunder than the popular belief in the average tiger's wholesale and wanton butchery. The tiger knows too well from sad experience to do that generally. But it is otherwise with a tigress instructing her cubs.

"Lal Bagh's mother was positively extravagant. She came upon a herd of villagers' cattle, and struck out ferociously right and left—just to excite the cubs and arouse their bloodthirsty nature. The cattle gazed stupidly and never moved.

"Emulating his mother's example, Lal Bagh broke a cow's neck with a blow of his paw, jumped on the next, a third, and then rushed at a bull. Had there been a clear ring the bull would have made a splendid fight of it; but, hampered by the cows, he was caught by the throat from underneath. He reared up fiercely on his hind-legs, but Lal Bagh never released his jaws. The bull suddenly plunged, trying to thrust his fore-legs against Lal Bagh's stomach. Then the tigress came up, and broke the bull's neck from above.

"Meanwhile the villagers ran out with sticks and tom-toms and a herd of bull buffaloes. But the tigress did not wait; she and her cubs cleared out quickly. She knew better than to wait for the charge of the bull buffaloes. So she vanished with her cubs. They left behind ten cattle killed—and not one mouthful eaten.

"This indiscriminate slaughter continued at intervals, though with diminishing rigour, till the cubs were in the middle of their third year—that is, just attaining their full growth. Then they separated and took the field individually. We shall follow the fortunes of our young hero, Lal Bagh. I could easily distinguish him at sight by his markings alone, though an inexperienced eye might have confused one tiger with another.

"All Lal Bagh's deeds or misdeeds would be too numerous to catalogue, so I shall mention only a few of the characteristic

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episodes after he had attained his fullest strength, which was in his eighth year; though, indeed, his length remained unchanged after the fifth. About this time he performed a memorable feat. His weight then was about four and a half maunds (twenty-five stone).

"He attacked a herd of cattle about a mile away from a village in which I happened to be. Being disturbed almost at once, he vanished. When we came up with the bull buffaloes and counted the cattle, we found a bullock missing. It weighed about six maunds (thirty-five stone). Had it been dragged away by the tiger we should have seen a trail of beaten grass. Instead we could find only the tiger's spoors; first close together in stalking the herd, then wide apart in *running away* to the jungle. We followed the spoors for half-a-mile, till we came to a thicket in the beginning of the jungle; then the bull buffaloes charged.

"There was an instant growl from the thicket. Lal Bagh reared up, and with a snarl of disappointed rage leapt into the bushes beyond and vanished. We entered, and found the dead bullock he had been eating. So he had actually *carried the bullock bodily for half-a-mile.*

"Lal Bagh, I said, was eating the bullock when we came up. Evidently he was very hungry to have taken the trouble of carrying away the prey when first disturbed. So we found. For he had finished one hind leg of the bullock—that is, about fifty pounds of meat—and was just starting on the other when compelled to leave his dinner unfinished. For a tiger usually eats the hindquarters first, and, if a big one and very hungry, he will often devour for the first meal about seventy pounds of meat!"

Here, as a comment on Moolraj's words, I must express my cordial sympathy with the poor creatures in the Zoos of Europe who get about six pounds of meat, bones included.

"The adaptability of the tiger," Moolraj continued, "is seen in his personal attributes. His senses are acute, especially those of seeing and hearing; but the sense of smell, which is intensely keen in the antelope, is comparatively defective in the tiger.

"Wonderful justice of Nature in holding the balance between the eater and the eaten! To the tiger it is essential that he should know the exact spot where the antelope is, in order to leap on it and catch it; but there is no element of direction necessary in an object smelt, as there is in a thing seen or even heard. On the other hand, to the antelope it is not essential to know the exact spot where the tiger is, so long as it knows that he is *anywhere* in the neighbourhood, when it will run for life forthwith.

"As for Lal Bagh's other generic attributes, I need refer only to claws, fangs, and paws. Claws: they were retractile—that is, able to be withdrawn and sheathed, or thrust out and exposed at will.

"The object of the retractile power is merely to save the claw from being worn out uselessly by constant contact with the ground. Secondly, the fangs: two pairs of powerful fangs, three to four inches long, one pair on the upper jaw, wide apart, the other on the lower, closer together. These enable the tiger to hold or drag as heavy an animal as a buffalo. For use in eating there is a set of smaller teeth within the lower jaw on which the meat is placed, while the upper fangs pierce it from above. For pieces of meat on a bone too small to be chewed by the wide fangs the tiger uses his tongue, which is rough enough to scrape off the pieces by mere licking.

"As for the paws, besides their enormous strength—as the broken neck or even skull of many a bullock will testify—they are thickly cushioned with muscles on the under surface. For striking down a prey the muscles are hardened; for stalking it noiselessly they are relaxed, and act as a pad. In leaping the muscles are first relaxed, then *suddenly* contracted.

"For personal attributes, strength, length, and extent of leap will suffice. The first may be reserved for a later treatment on the occasion of a most remarkable feat. Length: the record tiger, which was killed by a great English sportsman (Colonel Boileau), measured twelve feet in length, including tail, but without reckoning the curves of the head and back. Including such, that is, when the skin was laid flat on the ground, it measured thirteen and a half feet! But the average Bengal tiger runs to nine or ten feet (alive), of which about seven-tenths would be the body alone, the rest being the tail. Lal Bagh was eleven feet in length, or seven and a half over body—that is, longer in body than the largest horse. Height, three and a half feet at the shoulder, about four over head.

"Leap. Now, a tiger seldom leaps horizontally unless compelled to, its usual mode of attack being by successive rushes and perhaps a short final leap. Hence the conflicting evidences. Opportunities for observation when the tiger is absolutely compelled

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to leap the utmost horizontally are very rare. Fortunately I had such an opportunity.

"I was then *shikari* to some English sahibs who were out after big game. We were resting on the edge of a *nullah*, when suddenly we heard a noise, and saw a magnificent stag run out and come straight towards us. Its panic was so great that it did not see us till close upon us, when it swerved aside, lost its momentum, went over the *nullah*, and was dashed to death below.

"Meanwhile Lal Bagh, who was in frantic chase, passed within ten yards of us, but never swerved. One short leap to the edge of the *nullah*, fore-legs and hind-legs close together, then he seemed to shoot himself out like a ball. A huge curve in the air, and then he landed on the other side, rolled over and over three times head over heels, and vanished.

"A huge curve in the air, and then he landed on the other side."

"And we had not had time to raise a gun. 'As wide as Oxford Street,' the sahibs said. I knew not what that meant, but I tied a stone to a long twine, flung it across the *nullah*, pulled the twine till the stone was on the edge opposite, and thus measured the width —just over fifty-one feet!

"Gopal, my comrade," Moolraj continued, "was always hankering after the rupees he had missed, and seemed to have a grudge against Lal Bagh. So he resolved to earn the price of the skin himself. It happened that Lal Bagh had killed his usual weekly bullock; in the adjacent village Gopal learnt all particulars, and took up his post on a *machan* (bamboo platform) on the bough of a tree almost above the dead bullock; for the tiger was sure to return nightly till the last ounce had been eaten. Already the neighbouring trees were alive with vultures waiting for the second day to come, when the heat might simplify their work, or else for the tiger to make sufficient inroads into the body to expose the softer parts. A crowd of jackals were sneaking round the bushes, waiting for the leavings.

"Now, a tiger never looks up unless his attention be specially directed. A man espying a tiger in the jungle might hastily climb up a tree, but reach no higher than eight feet when he saw the tiger approach the tree; in that case he would stand a better chance of escape if he remained perfectly still than if he tried to climb up a little higher. So Lal Bagh never saw Gopal when he came to the bullock.

"The man fired, and must have hit at that close range; but a solid shot from a muzzle-loader would kill about once in fifty times. Lal Bagh leapt on the instant in blind fury straight at the smoke. He never even saw the man, but went clean through the smoke,

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clawing the air. The gigantic sweep of his paw must have brought him within reach of the *machan*, fifteen feet from the ground though it was. Gopal saw the huge mass shoot past him, reeled back, and clutched at the trunk, and in the act dropped the gun. He must have fainted directly after, and fallen, fortunately on the platform.

"When he regained consciousness Lal Bagh was quietly finishing his meal, utterly oblivious of the presence of man. It was his first experience of a gunshot, and therefore inexplicable. Had he seen the man at all it might have been different; he might then have associated together the man, the bang, the smoke, and the possible sting in his body. As it was, he could only associate the bang and the smoke with the sting—if he had any. The bang had ceased, and the smoke he had annihilated. So he finished his dinner.

"Gopal, being a *shikari*, knew that Lal Bagh would forthwith go for a drink; and the nearest stream was a mile away. So he waited awhile, climbed down, picked up his gun, and limped back to the village. He was lame for a month from the mere brush of the tiger's paw against his knee. It was the moving mass behind the paw that caused the blow to be so severe in effect."

True, indeed, I thought. Recently in London a man was struck on the back by a motor-bus which was then pulling up hard. Yet the man died from his injury. Likewise the momentum of a tiger, weighing far less than the motor-bus, but rushing through the air at a much greater velocity, would be almost as great.

"I now come to the most difficult part of my subject," Moolraj continued. His language was rather picturesque, but I am toning it down into plain English. "The relationship between man and tiger — a subject of controversy that will never cease. I have met many English sahibs who hold that the tiger is afraid of man, like any other animal, and vaguely feels man's superiority. They hold that if a man looks steadily at a tiger the creature will soon be unable to bear the gaze and will avert its eyes.

"I think those who have tried the experiment have done so with a caged tiger. The poor confined creature might indeed be irritated or bored by the continued gaze. All men are bores to the confined tiger; how can it tell the difference between an interesting hunter (who on occasions might be the hunted) and a gaping yokel—when the man is on the other side of a cage?

"It is otherwise in the jungle. No doubt a tiger, like any other wild animal, will avoid man if it can conveniently do so; not because it is conscious of man's superiority, but because it does not understand the ways of man. Man has painted the tiger, and painted it black. But if the tiger were the artist, how would it paint the man?"

I should be inclined to say that the tiger would paint the man as a confounded mystery; and the tiger hates mysteries. It sees that a man is nearly twice as tall as itself, and imagines that he has a long body behind in proportion — hence in sheer bulk much bigger than his own body.

Then suddenly something happens, and the man comes tumbling down and lies like a stick on the ground. The tiger looks clean over the body, and thinks what a fraud he is. But suddenly the man jumps up and resumes his former enormous size, and makes a horrible bang and stings the tiger at fifty yards without moving a foot himself. No; man is a sham, a gnome, a demon, capable of assuming shapes and sizes at will, and hitting out when one is not looking; and summed up altogether, a tricky, shifty, crafty, bifaced, bibulous, bigamous, low-down beast.

"That is the tiger's true view of man," Moolraj continued, "till it has its first fair and square and gentlemanly encounter with him. After that all fear of man ceases. Thenceforth *the tiger holds him in contempt*. True that Lal Bagh's first encounter with man happened to be with a poor cowherd whom he carried away alive, and was compelled to drop by the bull buffaloes coming to the rescue. But how about the second case? The Heaven-born has already seen it in the papers."

True. And this encounter proved to be of unique importance, as it settled the psychological aspect of the relationship between man and tiger. The exact sensations that pass through the heart of man in the presence of a great peril are deeply interesting; for instance, the sensation of drowning. The cowherd who was carried away by the tiger and yet escaped might have placed on record for the benefit of mankind the various phases of his emotions when realising that he was in the tiger's jaws. Unfortunately, being illiterate, he was incapable of the task.

But consider the case referred to by Moolraj—of an intellectual man, Mr. X., the Government engineer of the district. A practical, hard-headed Scotsman, professionally trained in mathematics, the essence of his normal mental attitude was a scientific

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precision in estimating the relative importance of conflicting matters. Moreover, his personal courage was beyond question, for the engineer who has to make canals, bridges, and railroads has to sleep in the jungle and take his chances of cholera, malaria, and wild beasts.

One evening, when the workmen had returned to the encampment after the day's work, Mr. X. happened to stroll out towards the jungle which was to be cleared for a railway. He was alone and unarmed, as he did not intend to go far, and was unaware of the possibility of danger. But unconsciously he went farther than he intended, and temporarily lost his way. Suddenly he heard a rustle, then the sound of breaking twigs and brambles —the bushes parted, and a yellow form filled the gap. It was Lal Bagh, not ten yards away.

The tiger had been merely crossing the jungle, and was as much surprised to see the man as the man was to see him. He paused and stared at X.; perhaps he was not hungry. And X. stood still, absolutely motionless. It might have been only thirty seconds, though it seemed like thirty centuries. Then slowly the tiger turned away, took a couple of steps, paused, looked once more at the man over his shoulder, turned again, and walked away.

The rest I shall describe in X.'s own words.

"You ask me how I felt. I felt as a pigmy might in the grip of a giant—I simply felt I was in the presence of a being who was in some vague manner my superior, who could *domineer over me*. I have stood the charge of a mad elephant eleven feet high, when I was indeed conscious of my peril, but all the time felt I was vastly his superior. . . . Did I *see* the tiger looming big before me? No. Did I *know* him to be of exceptional size? No. I merely *felt* him to be looming big. For when he stood there domineering over me I *felt* him to be thirty feet high!"

So much for the alleged magnetic power of the human eye over the tiger. It seems to me that if the magnetic eye is possessed by either of them it is not by the man. Needless to say, this episode set the seal on Lal Bagh's fate. Such a creature was not to be allowed to domineer over the jungle, and possibly upset Government schemes. Besides, Government officials are just as human as Indian Rajahs. Whenever an unusually large tiger is reported, it is kept quiet for a few days till the hunters are ready—kept quiet by the simple expedient of tying up sheep, goats, or even an occasional bullock, near the jungle where last reported.

Moreover, if a distinguished visitor be present, the timely announcement of a large tiger is thrice fortunate. It so happened that the late Prince Henri of Orleans—a renowned traveller and hunter—was then the guest of the Viceroy. So Moolraj's services were requisitioned in organising the hunt. The magnificent preparations were a compliment to the Prince, but also an implied compliment to Lal Bagh.

A sporting Rajah lent his team of elephants—thirty hunting elephants and a hundred and fifty others which might be called "siege elephants." They were entrained from the Rajah's capital, and arrived five days later at the station nearest to Lal Bagh's temporary abode. In two days more they had taken their allotted positions. Meanwhile the hunters and beaters were already at the front.

The most conspicuous feature of tiger-hunting on this princely scale is the extreme brevity of the actual encounter. The humble *shikari* who sits on a tree night after night may bag half-a-dozen tigers in a month, or he may not get a shot at a single one; he takes his sporting chance of either. But this colossal paraphernalia insures the fact of an encounter, and also its extreme brevity. Days or even weeks of preparations, and then it is all over in a few seconds. When the tiger is at last brought to bay three cases may arise:

First case: Bang—bang—bang! Tiger killed.

Second case: Bang — bang! Tiger escaped.

Third case: Bang! Hunter killed.

The only variation possible is that the man and the tiger should die together—that the man should kill the tiger, and the dead tiger avenge its death by killing its killer. However, the dead tiger's vengeance is a story in itself; suffice it to say here that in India *more hunters are killed by dead tigers than by live ones*.

Let Moolraj describe the rest of the hunting of Lal Bagh.

"I had to impress upon the great sahibs the necessity for extreme caution: they must keep to the thirty hunting elephants. The *howdah* of each would hold two hunters, each carrying an explosive bullet in his rifle. So if sixty explosive bullets failed to kill Lal Bagh when brought to bay at close quarters, he must indeed have sold his soul to the devil. The great sahibs must be content with the sixty shots, and any possible reload for which they found time—which would be as probable as a full moon once a week

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"But there were many minor sahibs who were my best friends and regular customers, and they begged me to give them even a sporting chance of a shot. So I allotted them along the siege elephants. But two special ones I took with me. First there was a line of light skirmishers; three hundred beaters, each armed with only a long spear —whose sole chance, if attacked, was up a tree.

"Then farther behind were about seven hundred beaters with the siege elephants. These were at first placed a hundred yards apart, so that the whole one hundred and fifty formed a huge crescent eight miles long. Then in due time the horns of the crescent were to converge, while the rest of the line moved on. Thus the eight miles would gradually narrow down to two, and inclose as in a net and drive out anything that came within.

"The animals entrapped would run out at the far side, and the most convenient way for them to emerge would be by a ravine. So of course I placed the thirty hunting elephants on the outside of the ravine, ten yards apart, and practically covering the entire exit. They also formed a slight curve, about fifty yards from the bushes covering the mouth of the ravine.

"The object of the forward line of beaters was merely to spread themselves stealthily along the jungle, and climb up convenient trees so as to direct operations when the siege elephants came up. So the position of danger, as well as of real sport, was with the skirmishers. I took the two sahibs with me. Eventually one climbed up a tree with me in a line with the ravine, and the other went with Gopal a little to the right of the line and about three hundred yards ahead of us. Several of the animals were certain to pass between us.

"When the drive began a most wondrous sight rewarded our peril. First a *nilghai* ran out, then a herd of wild pigs, then a splendid sambur, followed by a pair of leopards. The sahib with me was most anxious for a shot at the sambur, but I restrained him.

"Then at the leopards he levelled his gun impetuously, and again I restrained him. I knew what might follow. I reckoned that if ten tigers were inclosed, five might escape altogether by evading the ravine and going out on either side of it, unless the horns of the crescent came up in time and outflanked them. Of the other five, one or two were almost certain to pass within our view. As for Lal Bagh, his appearance was well known; hence the main effort would be directed against him, and the siege elephants would try to outflank him, even if thereby they let some of the minor tigers escape.

"I calculated that the advancing line was still four or five miles from us when the first animal appeared—a timorous creature like the *nilghai* would be the quickest to scent danger. Besides, the movement was to some extent undulating or self-accelerating. Cast a stone into a pool, and the initial wave will set up others in successive motion.

"So at the first approach of the elephants the first set of denizens disturbed would alarm the next, and thus cause the entire jungle to move in due course. But the tigers would be the most stubborn; they would only move when the furious din of yells, tom-toms, and squibs was upon them. For the seven hundred beaters with the siege elephants were paid to make the most horrible noises they could devise with earthly or unearthly aid. Then what more natural than that the tigers, hearing all the demons of *jehannum* let loose simultaneously on one side, should at last run out on the other?

"We heard the din a couple of hours later, and knew that the advancing line was within a mile and a half. Then suddenly a tiger ran out and came towards our left. I stopped the sahib just in time.

"'Do not alarm them just yet,' I said, 'or they won't take the ravine. Let the great sahibs beyond the ravine have him.'

"A while after another tiger appeared, fairly large. It came with a slouching gait straight towards us. 'Yes!' I whispered, and the sahib levelled his rifle at the ground and waited just a dozen seconds till the tiger was within twenty feet of the muzzle; then he fired.

"The tiger acted in the most extraordinary manner I have ever witnessed. It spun round three times like a top, making a buzzing sound which might have been meant for a growl, then ran ahead straight, swerved, regained its balance, and broke into a series of wild plunges. It had not noticed us at all.

"The sahib thought he had missed, but as there was no time to reload he merely looked on in disappointment. We saw the tiger plunge onwards for about three hundred yards, then rear up on its hind legs, give a jump, come down, roll over, kick, and lie still.

"Of course there was no time to examine it at once; we did so only at the end of the day. This was the result: The explosive

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bullet had entered the back a little to the left of the spine, gone through the left lung, then *through the heart*, had passed through the lower part of the right lung, and exploded against a rib opposite. And notwithstanding that thrice fatal wound, the tiger had run the three hundred yards!

"The din meanwhile had increased, and soon after we heard the crack of a rifle on the far side —beyond the ravine, and another. We understood — the larger animals were going through the ravine. Now was the time to witness the killing.

"'Quick, sahib!' I cried.

"We ran as fast as we could. Rather, we too made a series of wild plunges, always keeping in view some friendly tree in case of an emergency, then up the slope on the left of the ravine. Here we saw escaping only nimble but timid animals, which had more to fear from us than we from them; so we ran in the open, and at last gained the ridge on the far side overlooking the end of the ravine. There up a tree again.

"The tiger ran ahead straight, swerved, regained its balance, and broke into a series of wild plunges."

"From our point of vantage we saw the thirty hunting elephants about a hundred yards away; but the animals emerging from the ravine could not see them till past the bushes at the mouth. Their killing I need not mention. Then only, when I calculated from the din that the siege elephants were within half-a-mile of the jungle side of the ravine, did I give the signal—the thrice hooting of an owl. An instant hush fell upon the hunters ahead. Not a rifle spoke. A pair of leopards, panthers, even a tiger, were allowed to go past.

"Suddenly even the din behind ceased. At that time the line of investment must have drawn an impenetrable barrier behind the half mile space within which the beleagured animals were cooped up—their only exit by the ravine. But was Lal Bagh among them? Why the sudden cessation of that pandemonium of shouting, dancing, raving demons? Perhaps the besiegers had sighted Lal Bagh, and then with one united rush were closing up behind him, suggesting to him the opening to the ravine as an easy means of escape. Perhaps.

"The stillness grew intense. In front of us were the hunters on the thirty elephants—

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"The two reached the ground together—the Prince and the tiger."

they might have been thirty effigies. Behind us the jungle slept. Below us in the ravine there was no motion visible. We glanced along the mile of its length and——

"It was just the waving of the tall grass at the far end. Imperceptibly the motion must have advanced, for now a bush, a copse, a thicket shook, nearer and nearer. I strained my ears—yes, it was just audible—the sound of breaking twigs and brambles, the sound of a heavy body passing through a thicket.

"Nearer and nearer came the sound. We lost count of the passing minutes. At last our ears and eyes agreed, and made the sound and undulation synchronise, which meant that the cause of both must be very near—beneath us. And then, ten seconds after, the bush thirty yards in front of the elephants parted. It was Lal Bagh!

"He stood in all his glory, surprised at the unexpected presence of his enemies, yet defiant, majestic, scorning his assassins—a magnificent picture. In reality all that pose lasted but a second, for in that time Lal Bagh had drawn up his muscles to their utmost tension, and in that same second the explosive bullet from the Prince's rifle had entered Lal Bagh's shoulder, glanced off a bone without exploding, and emerged through the back; and twenty-nine other bullets had followed in a random shower upon Lal Bagh. For the guest of honour in the centre having fired, the first hunter on each of the other elephants might do likewise, the second on each reserving his fire for an emergency.

"But in that selfsame second, whilst yet the hail of death was falling around him, Lal Bagh leapt. He saw but the first firer, his nearest mark. The thirty yards he covered in two bounds and then a leap of fury. It seemed but a flash of yellow that rose up from the ground and fastened itself upon the side of the elephant's head.

"Maddened by the pain the elephant rocked, flinging off the *mahout* to the ground. The two hunters clutched at the *howdah* to keep their balance. The other hunters looked on helplessly, for the whole episode since Lal Bagh's appearance had lasted but ten seconds. Then someone pointed a rifle.

"'Stop! Don't fire!' It was the *Lat* sahib himself who gave the command. 'You might kill the Prince!'

"For the frantic elephant was rolling, heaving, rearing, bucking, to throw off the terrible foe upon its head. And the Prince gazed in fascination at the tiger's flaming eyes

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a yard away, unable to release his hold of the *howdah* to load, his companion to fire. Then suddenly the elephant's girth-ropes burst, and the Prince fell forward upon the tiger's head.

"The two reached the ground together—the Prince and the tiger. What thought was passing through his mind in that brief moment none can tell. He knew that he must die a second after the fall. So even in the fall he clutched his useless rifle with both hands at the butt; recoiling from the tiger's body as he fell, he thrust out his arms before his face, still holding the butt, his back against the elephant's fore-leg, the barrel of the rifle against the elephant's rounded body. Mechanically, instinctively, in the frenzy of despair.

"And in that brief second the tiger regained his feet and aimed a blow at random with his paw. It fell upon the rifle barrel about midway between the butt and the muzzle—that is, in front of the hollow between the elephant's fore-legs and rounded body. The Prince went down like a log of wood, and fell between the elephant's legs.

"Then Lal Bagh, thinking that his vengeance was satisfied, shot past the *rear* of the elephant, cleared the arena with a couple of bounds towards the outer side, and vanished into the bushes beyond—in an erratic hail of thirty bullets. For only in the three or four seconds while he was making those two bounds could the thirty hunters fire.

"Believing the Prince to be dead, they had fired in anger, and therefore had missed. But when it was found that he had suffered no serious injury—beyond a severe shock to his arms—there was none that did not secretly rejoice that Lal Bagh's magnificent onslaught in the face of such overwhelming odds had enabled him to escape with his life. For, after all, in escaping he would but furnish such another splendid sport some other day.

"As for the apparently useless rifle, it had in reality saved the Prince's life—backed up by the enormous weight of the elephant's body behind it. The Prince carried it away and preserved it as a memento of his miraculous escape from death. Verily it was now useless, for the blow of the tiger's paw had fallen upon it instead of the Prince's head, and had *bent the steel barrel as if it were a piece of wire.*

"With that, Heaven-born, I shall end my discourse."

* * * * *

Long afterwards Moolraj told me how Lal Bagh died after a strenuous life in a blaze of glory, and other wondrous tales of the jungle—how Moolraj read the jungle like an open book by a fallen leaf, a broken twig, a bent reed. These tales my European hearers might call "Tales of Sherlock Holmes in the Jungle"—except that Moolraj might not have been flattered at being compared with Sherlock Holmes. For he might have considered that famous detective to have been but a modern incarnation of the original *shikari* who was doing penance for the shortcomings of a former life—in having perhaps bungled over the spoors of Lal Bagh, and Salar Jung, and Buldeo—and was sent back to this earth and set to catch thieves and pickpockets, and human jackals and vultures and vipers.

These tales of Moolraj I may narrate to you some day, O best-beloved readers—if you care to hear them. Meanwhile *salaam alekhum*—peace be with you!

A HERO?

Some folks confess
When in distress
Their hair with fear has bristled;
Yet once I knew
A fellow who
At danger simply whistled.

Upon your face
There is a trace
Of doubt, I'll bet a fiver!
But then, you see,
'Twixt you and me,
He was an engine-driver!

Charles Vivian.

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ACROSS THE WAY.

The Story of a Protracted Wooing.

By Ruby M. Ayres.

Miss Stainsby drew up the faded blue blind of her little shop window, and fastened the cord precisely.

It was Tuesday morning, and Tuesday being market day, it brought a great many people into the little town from neighbouring villages, and though, as a matter of fact, few of them found their way into Miss Stainsby's Fancy Bazaar, as it was designated in weather-worn letters over the door, she liked to imagine that it added to her business as considerably as it did to that of William Balderson, who kept the "Hit or Miss" across the way.

Miss Stainsby opened the door, and fastened it back.

The fresh morning air filled the little shop, and fluttered the yards of crochet lace and ribbon that were festooned on string from one gas bracket to another.

Miss Stainsby lingered at the door, and looked across at the "Hit or Miss."

In the yard, an ostler was grooming a horse, and the clink of pails and swish of water fell pleasantly on her ears.

She looked up at the windows over the saloon bar—the blinds were drawn up, but Miss Stainsby noticed, with a feeling of irritation, that—as usual—they were all crooked, and that the curtains were jerked back carelessly.

"It wants a woman over there badly enough," Miss Stainsby told herself, as she had done every morning for the past seven years, but William Balderson still laughed his way through the world a bachelor, and the blinds were still drawn up crookedly.

As she stood looking, he came to the door.

He was a fine-looking man of about five and forty, with the smiling, smooth face of an overgrown schoolboy, and the loud, irresponsible laugh of one.

He wore a bright red waistcoat, and his sleeves were rolled up to his elbows, showing a fine pair of muscular arms.

He looked across at Miss Stainsby, and nodded cheerfully. "You're up early this morning," he said. He had made the same remark every Tuesday morning—with two exceptions—for the past seven years. The two exceptions had been the morning Miss

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Stainsby's lover had been killed down at the wharf, and the Tuesday following, when William Balderson had doffed his red waistcoat in favour of a black one, and followed the little funeral procession to the cemetery outside the town.

And Miss Stainsby answered—as she had done every Tuesday morning with the same two exceptions—

"Tuesday's a busy day, Mr. Balderson."

Then she bustled inside the shop as if she had not a moment to spare, and Balderson smiled half pityingly, and sighed, and said: "Poor little woman," and went slowly indoors.

It was the same afternoon, when Miss Stainsby had had her modest dinner, and was sitting behind the counter gazing mournfully at the faded Japanese hand-screens, and yards of crochet lace, and boxes of assorted hatpins, and cards of linen buttons, of which her stock seemed to be chiefly composed, that William Balderson strode across the way from the "Hit or Miss."

He held an enormous bunch of wild daffodils in his hand, and he wore a wide, embarrassed smile on his youthful face.

Miss Stainsby's thin face flushed with pleasure. "How kind of you!" she said. "My favourite flowers!"

The little figure behind the counter rose with a flutter. "Oh!" she said. "Is it you, Mr. Balderson?"

"Yes—it's me, right enough," said the landlord of the "Hit or Miss" heartily. "My sister sent me these from the country. I thought you'd like them. They're no good to me." He stepped forward from the doorway, where he had been effectually blocking out the daylight, and laid the flowers on the counter. They made a patch of bright gold in the dingy shop.

Miss Stainsby's thin face flushed with pleasure.

"How kind of you," she said. "My favourite flowers! I've never had any since——" She broke off.

Balderson fidgeted. He knew what she meant—he knew, too, that it was six years that very day since the man to whom Miss Stainsby had given her heart had met his death.

He had been a worthless scamp, as many besides Balderson knew, but Miss Stainsby had not known, and as she stood hiding her trembling lips against the daffodils, the man before her asked himself impatiently if he had not done a foolish thing all these years, in helping her to cherish a golden memory of the idol that had been, at best, such poor clay.

Six years was a long time—a long time. Surely now she might put off that sombre mourning, and give some other man the chance to—he pulled himself up sharply.

"Been busy?" he inquired.

"Pretty well, thank you," said Miss Stainsby. "Tuesday is always a busy day."

"Quite so," agreed Balderson hastily.

All the morning he had from time to

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time cast looks over the wire blind of the saloon towards the Fancy Bazaar, but he had not seen anybody enter, save a child, who had asked the way to a certain house, and whom Miss Stainsby had followed to the door to direct.

"The Lord only knows how she pays her rent," he said to himself, as he drew pint after pint for the thirsty farmers who—all day long—trooped in and out over his sawdust floor, little knowing that Miss Stainsby did *not* manage to pay it, and went in daily dread of a visit from her landlord.

Then he thought of his own substantial banking account, and the things he would be able to buy for his wife, if he ever had one—why, she might drive a pony trap, if she liked, and wear a diamond ring.

His eyes fell on Miss Stainsby's slender hand holding the daffodils.

They were pretty hands—he felt, with an odd mixture of shame and delight, that he would like to take them in his own huge, rough paws, and feel their softness and slenderness—and she still wore the little bent ring that scoundrel had given her.

He squared his shoulders, and sighed ponderously.

"If there's anything I can do for you—any time," he began—"let me know. Anything you want—anything!"

Miss Stainsby laid the daffodils down on the counter, and leant over them towards him.

"If—" she appealed—"if you would tell them to pull up the blinds straight—" She stopped, in a confusion of blushes.

Balderson stared.

"Pull—the—blinds—up—straight?" he echoed mystified.

Miss Stainsby looked over the fripperies in her window, up at the windows of the "Hit or Miss."

The man's eyes followed her glance—he broke into a smothered laugh.

"They look rather crooked, don't they?" he admitted. "But, bless you, I never notice such things. That's being a bachelor, I suppose." He sobered suddenly. "It wants a woman over there badly enough," he said.

"Yes," said Miss Stainsby simply. "I think it does."

They looked at each other.

"I hope you are not angry with me for telling you," she ventured.

"Angry!" he echoed. "Goodness gracious, no! I'll see to it."

He engineered his way amongst the fire-screens and fancy baskets which filled every available space, and through the door.

He walked slowly back across the road.

"If she'd only leave off wearing that confounded black," he muttered, "I'd—hang it—I'd risk it, and ask her!"

* * * * *

A few minutes later, Miss Stainsby again glanced up at the windows across the way. At two of them the blinds and curtains hung as precisely as her own, and at a third she caught a glimpse of a red waistcoat and a big hand patiently trying to reduce the lace folds of a curtain to order.

Miss Stainsby smiled and sighed together.

"He's a kind man," she informed the crochet lace, which a gust of wind had blown down. "A kind man—he ought to be married—he would make some woman a good husband."

The lace and ribbons fluttered wildly, as if in agitation at her remark, and with a painful blush Miss Stainsby withdrew her eyes from across the way, and retired into the back parlour.

* * * * *

The last week in May was Helpton Fair.

It was one of those old-fashioned functions that are held in the streets, and which last a week, during which time everybody goes holiday-making.

Miss Stainsby had done so, too, up to the year her lover died; but, since that fateful Tuesday, she had had no heart for such frivolities.

The last time she had gone, in all the bravery of a new frock, it had been with the dead man, and he had bought her a string of pink corals, which she still had with other trifles he had given her put away in lavender.

So it was with a heavy heart that each year she watched the preparations for the fair—the hanging of flags, and the erecting of stalls and bandstands in the narrow High Street, and the influx of strangers who spent such a generous share of their money in the "Hit or Miss" across the way.

It was the evening before the first day of the fair that Miss Stainsby saw the girl with the hair like sunshine drive up in a two-wheeled trap to the door of the "Hit or Miss."

There was a big box strapped on behind, and the vehicle had hardly stopped when Balderson appeared at the door with a delighted smile on his face.

Miss Stainsby watched with a chilled feeling, while he lifted the girl down and bestowed a hearty if embarrassed kiss on her

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pretty face. Then they both vanished indoors.

Miss Stainsby went into the little, dingy parlour behind the shop, and sat down with her hands tightly clasping each other in her lap.

The bright sunshine seemed to have all faded, or had it merely disappeared into the door of the "Hit or Miss" with the stalwart figure of William Balderson?

A big tear splashed down on Miss Stainsby's black dress, then another—then another—she had never before realised how lonely she was.

* * * * *

It was on the third day of the fair that the thing which had hung like the sword of Damocles over Miss Stainsby's head for some months past broke the single thread which held it, and fell.

The landlord called, and he called to say that he could really wait no longer for his rent, and that she must either pay within the week or leave.

Miss Stainsby listened with a white face. She owed two quarters' rent, and in spite of her hopeful declaration that she was sure trade would improve now the summer was coming, she knew that unless a miracle happened—and miracles never do happen in these days—it was utterly impossible that she could ever pay the money.

Since the beginning of the fair she had sold a box of hatpins and several reels of cotton; but one needs to sell a good many penny articles to pay fifteen pounds from the profits.

"I will send you the money this week," she said. She lifted her eyes hopelessly, and the man before her fidgeted.

"I'm sorry," he stammered. "But I'm not a rich man—and fifteen pounds is a lot to me."

It was a lot to Miss Stainsby, too, but she did not say so, and presently he went away.

Miss Stainsby stood still where he had left her. She felt as if the end of the world had come, and that she—of all the millions of souls in the world—had been left to face it alone.

The thought came to her that she would ask Balderson to lend her the money; then the memory of the girl whose hair was like sunshine came back to her.

She never doubted that he was going to marry her; they had been to the fair every day together, and only last night she had seen them come up the road quite late, arm-in-arm.

The girl was pretty, but would she ever trouble to draw those blinds up straight?

As she stood lost in thought, the shop was darkened, and, lifting her eyes, Miss Stainsby saw Balderson standing in the doorway. He was not smiling; his eyes were decidedly troubled as he looked at Miss Stainsby.

From across the way he had seen the arrival and departure of her visitor. He was a quick man, as well as a kind one, and he knew at once what had happened.

He began at once with characteristic downrightness.

"What's the matter?"

Miss Stainsby started and flushed crimson. The blunt kindness of his voice brought the tears to her eyes.

"The matter?" she echoed. "Nothing! Wh—what do you mean?"

Balderson came a step forward, and stretched a big, kind hand across the counter.

"If it's money," he said, "I'm your friend, and I've got plenty."

For a second Miss Stainsby longed to put her own trembling hand into his kind, big one, and tell him all her troubles; but once again the memory of the girl with hair like sunshine came between them, and she drew up her slim, shabby figure proudly.

"It isn't money," she said. "And there is nothing the matter."

Balderson frowned and shrugged his shoulders.

"If you can't trust me," he began. Miss Stainsby said nothing. She stood looking out of the window across the way drearily.

Balderson waited a moment, then, with a curt good-morning, turned and left the shop.

"I'll stake my life it's money," he told himself, as he went back to the drawing of pints. "If only she'd leave off that confounded black!" The rest was lost in a growl.

* * * * *

It was on the afternoon of the last day of the fair that, in answer to the plaintive tinkle of the shop bell, Miss Stainsby came out of the back parlour and found the girl with the hair like sunshine standing by the counter.

She was smartly dressed, and she wore a big bunch of lilies-of-the-valley in her frock.

Miss Stainsby had seen Balderson come up the road that morning with them in his hand.

"What can I do for you?" she asked stiffly.

The girl's eyes were kind and friendly.

"Mr. Balderson sent me over," she answered. "He wants to know if you will come with us to the fair this evening It's the last night, and it'll be ever such fun.

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The girl went round the counter and knelt down by Miss Stainsby's side.

I'm staying over the way, you know," she added.

"I know," said Miss Stainsby. She put one unsteady hand against the counter. "I cannot come to the fair, thank you," she added coldly. "I have not been for years. You are very kind, but I cannot come."

The girl looked concerned. "He'll be awfully disappointed," she said naively.

Miss Stainsby flushed, and her fingers toyed unconsciously with the little, old betrothal ring she wore.

"Last time I went to Helpton Fair," she said, "it was with the man I was going to marry. He was killed a week later. I have never been since."

The girl's face softened.

"I know," she said. "Mr. Balderson told me. I was so sorry. I am going to be married myself soon, and I don't know what I should do if anything happened to—him—I think I should die."

Miss Stainsby smiled faintly.

"No," she said, "you would not—you would live on, and that's worse. But nothing will happen to him, and you'll be very happy. He's a good man."

The girl looked surprised. "Do you know him?" she asked.

"Do I know him?" echoed Miss Stainsby. "Do I know William Balderson?"

The girl burst into a ringing laugh.

"I'm not going to marry *him*," she said. "Why, he's my uncle!—didn't he tell you? How stupid! What must you have thought of me! My mother is his sister. Oh dear, do you feel ill?" for Miss Stainsby had swayed against the counter.

"I'm not ill at all, thank you," she said. Then she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

The girl went round the counter and knelt down by Miss Stainsby's side amongst the brown paper and cardboard boxes.

"There's something—something I'm going to tell you," she said determinedly. "Uncle Will said I wasn't to, but I'm going to all the same." Then, stumblingly and disconnectedly, she told the story she had partly guessed, and partly coaxed from Balderson, touching gently on the shady side of the dead man's life, his worthlessness and deceit, of Balderson's determination that she should never know the truth—of his own faithful love for her—how that he would marry no other woman—that he was but waiting for her to leave off her mourning to tell her of his love.

And Miss Stainsby listened, with the tears frozen on her cheeks and her heart torn with disillusionment, even while amidst all her trouble there was a faint, quiet feeling of happiness.

She thought of the years she had wasted in sorrow and tears, of the past week of wakeful, jealous nights since this girl had come to Helpton, and suddenly she put her aside and went quickly out of the shop, and upstairs to the little bedroom that overlooked the "Hit or Miss," and locked the door.

She drew the old betrothal ring from her finger, and, with a hand that shook, unlocked

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the box that held the coral beads and other trifles and laid it beside them.

And the tears fell fast as she closed the lid again, for what woman—even if she knows that peace and happiness are awaiting her—can let go the dreams and ideals of her girlhood without a pang?—and Miss Stainsby had loved well and faithfully the idol she had made of the dead man.

* * * * *

Balderson did not go to Helpton Fair that night. He wandered restlessly from window to window, watching over the wire blinds for the light in Miss Stainsby's bedroom to go out.

When at last it did, and he knew she had gone down to the little parlour, he rolled down his sleeves, put on his coat, and crossing the road, knocked softly at the door of the Fancy Bazaar.

He heard her cross the shop and take down the chain; then the door was opened, and he entered.

In the light of the lamp she carried they looked at each other, and Balderson saw the marks of tears on the little woman's sad face.

"I never meant her to tell you," he burst out distressedly. "I should never have kept silence all these years if I'd wanted to break your heart now."

He put out his big hand unsteadily to her.

The yellow light from the lamp seemed to inclose them in a warm circle and shut them off from the shadows in the corners of the little shop.

Then Miss Stainsby put her hand tremblingly in his.

"You're a good man," she said. "And—and—oh, I'm afraid it has *not* broken my heart."

"Then—then," stammered the big fellow, reduced to a state of schoolboyish nervousness at the sight of this weak little woman and by the cling of her small fingers in his own, "perhaps—some day—when you feel that you can leave this off"—he gently touched the sleeve of her black dress—"may I——?"

"Oh," said Miss Stainsby, her eyes swimming in tears as she lifted them to his, "I should be so happy——" She broke off in confusion.

But there was a big heart beating beneath William Balderson's red waistcoat, and where there is a big heart there is a big understanding, so he asked no more questions, but taking the lamp from her hand, put it down on the counter so that Miss Stainsby was in the shadow. Then he bent his tall head and kissed her.

"You won't keep me waiting long, my dear, will you?" he said earnestly. "I've waited seven years now, and—I noticed the blinds were all crooked again this morning," he added whimsically.

Miss Stainsby lifted her head from its comfortable resting-place against the red waistcoat.

"Oh!" she said. "They never shall be again."

And they never were.

Photo T. C. Beynon.

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MR. —HIS PAGES.

Be the wild March winds at rest or blowing,
And whether it's raining, or hailing, or snowing,
Turn, O readers, to Mr. X,
And he will rouse you, and keep you going.

On both his pages you'll find displayed
Something that pleases both merry and staid:
The child, the youth, the harmless "flapper,"
The aged men, and the undecayed.

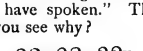
Puzzle Penknives or Packs of ROYAL Playing Cards will be given as prizes to readers who forward *new* puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X" and wishing for a reply, must inclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE), 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

A DATE PROBLEM.

Ali ben Hassan and Achmed were just sitting down to their evening meal of dates in the midst of the arid desert when Captain Jones, D.S.O., rode up and asked them for supper and a night's lodging. The two Arabs agreed, and all three sat down to the meal, consisting of 8lb. of dates, of which Ali had provided 5lb. and Achmed 3lb. Each of the three had an equal share.

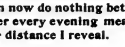
The gallant captain—an early riser—left next morning before the Arabs were awake, leaving eight shillings in payment for his supper. Ali and Achmed quarrelled bitterly over the money, and finally took the matter into court.

"By the beard of the prophet," pronounced the judge, "the man who gave 5lb. of dates shall have seven shillings and the other one shilling. I have spoken." This was quite fair. Can you see why?



HOW FAR?

Write one thousand down quite plain,
Then half of two. Then write again
Fifty, and one's final letter.
You can now do nothing better
Than after every evening meal
Walk the distance I reveal.



WHOSE BOOTS?

"My son," said an individual to Ferdinand, "my son, go and fetch my boots."

Now, while it is true that Ferdinand was the speaker's son, yet the speaker was not Ferdinand's father.

Whose boots was Ferdinand to fetch?

TERRIBLE.

BILKS: "Poor Wiggins had a fearful experience last week!"

WILKS: "No, really? Poor old Wiggins!"

BILKS: "Yes. He arrived home at ten o'clock one night and found his wife lying prostrate, and quite insensible."

WILKS: "No, really? Poor fellow. Whatever had happened? Has another been added to the long list of undiscovered crimes?"

BILKS: "No. The poor woman had only fallen asleep from sheer fatigue."

Q. When do instances of cannibalism still occur in England?
A. When a rash man eats a rasher.

AN EXCELLENT CARD TRICK.

Take a suit of playing cards and arrange them in this order: 3, 8, 7, Ace, King, 6, 4, 2, Queen, Knave, 10, 9, 5.

Now turn them face downward, and spread them out in a row on the table. Spell out the word "one," imagining the cards to be letters, and starting at the left of the row, which will, of course, begin with the three. When you have spelt out the word in this way turn up the next card—in this case the fourth—and it will be the one spelt. Put it aside, and continue in the same way, spelling out "two," "three," etc., and laying aside each card as it is turned up. You will be able to go right through the suit, and in each case the result will be accurate.

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A Magic Square for 1908.

Here is an interesting magic square. Its particular attraction is that it sums 1908, the date of the present year, in fourteen ways. They are as follows:

Rows	...	...	...	4
Columns	...	...	...	4
Corners of Squares			...	4
Diagonals	...	...	...	2
Total	...	...	...	14

"Mr. X" hopes his readers will find interest and amusement, not to say profit, in working out this statement to see if it is correct.

469	484	472	483
481	474	478	475
482	471	485	470
476	479	473	480

Q. What most resembles a woman?
A. A big girl.

EASY FOR HIM.

"A fine young chap is Fred," cried Bill,
For it is understood
He comes through all temptations still
Perennially good."
"No praise to him," the cynic said,
"He dwells apart from strife;
He's deaf—thus, truly, has not Fred
Erred once in all his life."

A Narrow Escape.

Walter: "Smith had an awfully narrow escape some time ago."

William (an imaginative youth): "How desperately exciting. What was he doing?"

Walter: "Well, it was when he belonged to the Fire Brigade."

William: "Ah! how the scene rises before my eyes! The burning building—the mother and child at the tenth floor window—cut off by flames—gallantry of Smith—rushes up burning staircase—it falls in ruins behind him—cheers of crowd—perilous leap into jumping sheet, having previously thrown out mother and child——"

Walter (as William pauses for breath): "Not at all, not at all. He was merely in charge of the escape, and it was rather a narrow one. Nothing more."

Q. If a man carrying several lamps drops one, what does he become?
A. A lamp-lighter.

ANSWERS.

A Date Problem: The whole amount was 8lb. Each man ate 2½lb.; therefore the man who provided 8lb. only gave Captain Jones ½lb., while the other gave him 2½lb., or ⅞lb. Thus the proportion was 7 to 1.

How Far: M (1000) I (half of two) L (fifty) E (one's final letter), MILE. "After supper walk a mile." Old English proverb.

Whose Boots: His mother's.

A Magic Square for 1908:

Four Rows.

469 + 484 + 472 + 483
481 + 474 + 478 + 475
482 + 471 + 485 + 470
476 + 479 + 473 + 480 } = 1908.

Four Columns.

469 + 481 + 482 + 476
484 + 474 + 471 + 479
472 + 478 + 485 + 473
483 + 475 + 470 + 480 } = 1908.

Four Corners of Squares.

469 + 472 + 482 + 485
484 + 483 + 471 + 470
481 + 478 + 476 + 473
474 + 475 + 479 + 480 } = 1908.

Two Diagonals.

469 + 474 + 485 + 480
483 + 478 + 471 + 476 } = 1908.

Some of "Mr. X's" Colonial admirers at Muritai, a seaside resort near Wellington, N.Z. They bless his name to such an extent that, in the lightness of their hearts, they form it in their several persons. The upside down men form very fair X's, but "Mr. X" thinks that one at least of the uprights is open to criticism—they would be better with their coats off!

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PICTURE . . PARAGRAPHS.

The Editor will be Pleased to Purchase from Readers Pictures Suitable for Use in These Pages. All Photographs should be Accompanied by a Short Description.

A SECOND WILHELM II.

Herr Max Nitschke, a chimney-sweep of the little village of Langenbielau, Silesia, is so like the German Emperor that, as far as appearances go, it would have been easy for him to have taken His Majesty's place during the recent Imperial visit to England, although, with all respect to Herr Nitschke, he could not possibly have become so popular as his ruler did during his stay.

Herr Nitschke's likeness to the German Emperor has brought him considerable fame.

Herr Max Nitschke, a chimney-sweep of Langenbielau, Silesia, who bears a most remarkable resemblance to the Emperor of Germany.

Photo *Topical Press Agency.*

This giant pipe was carved from a single limb of a chestnut tree. It has not as yet been smoked.

A MAMMOTH PIPE.

Even the most ardent devotee at the shrine of the goddess Nicotine would think twice before undertaking to smoke this pipe to a finish. It is carved from a single limb of a chestnut tree, and, as may be seen, stands as high as a tall man.

There are, alas! no giants in these days, and to find a man worthy of this pipe would be a task compared with which the labours of Hercules are a mere nothing.

Yet, after all, it is as well that this is so, for, even if the man for whom this monster pipe were not too much did exist, it is presumptuous to suppose that he would be the happy possessor of the income necessary to support such a luxury.

The amount of tobacco consumed by the pipe would be colossal, and it would be not so much a pipe as a hungry monster ever crying out to be filled, and never satisfied.

However, as the chance of the pipe's possessing a smoker is more than remote, and as it is intended, if not for ornament, certainly not for use, it is idle to speculate on the cost of its upkeep in circumstances that will never arise.

But as a curiosity, as an example of what human industry and skill can produce, there is not the least doubt that this pipe is an interesting object.

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WHIRLS OF LIGHT.

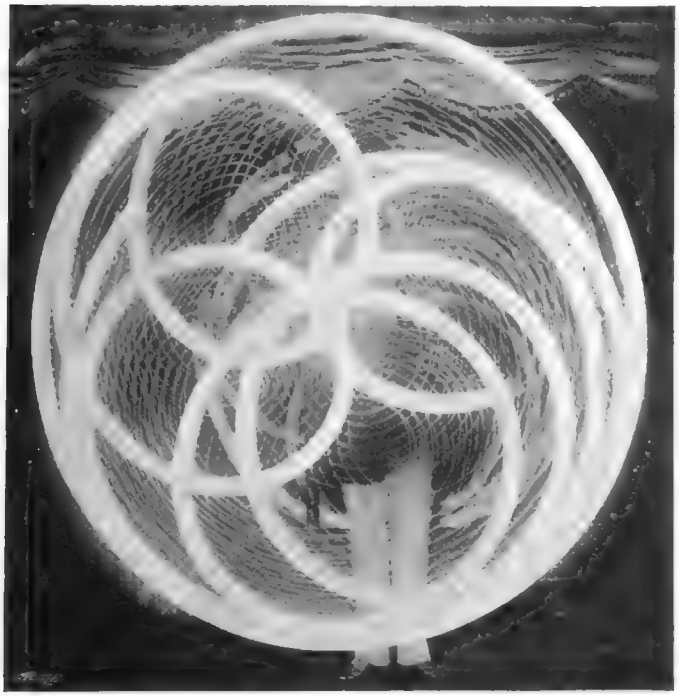
The Wonders of Electric Lighted Club Swinging.

Mr. George W. Patterson, an American, has devised a means of swinging electrically-lighted clubs in such a way as to produce startling yet beautiful spectacular effects.

How he came to hit upon the idea of attaching electric lights to clubs occurred in this way. At one of his performances at an American hall the lights suddenly went out, and the electrician declared that it would be another hour before he could get the lights on again.

The lamps employed for this exhibition, which are attached to the end of each club, are of 32 candle power, and capable of illuminating a fair-sized hall.

Mr. Patterson happened to have in his dressing-room a number of electric torches. He attached them to the clubs, lighted them, and swung them until the electrician had got his wires working again. Apart from saving the situation, the lighted clubs were very popular, and he determined to see whether it would not be possible to fix electric lights to the clubs and swing them successfully. The first thing was to design a special club. The ones now in use are made in two parts, the split being lengthwise. A flexible cable of five wires leads into the club handles through a rubber tube, the wiring, of course, being concealed. Three series of eight three-candle-power miniature lamps are set in small, specially-turned brass sockets, the length of the club, so that the lamps stand out at right angles to its surface. As the little globes are coloured there are no fewer than six series of different coloured lights when the current is turned on.



The figures obtainable from electrically-lighted clubs are practically unlimited. As a rule, twenty-five to thirty are given in a single entertainment, but that does not exhaust the list.

But these clubs could only be used in halls or houses wired for electrical illumination. To overcome this difficulty Mr. Patterson carries a battery about with him

The figures or effects obtainable with clubs lighted in this way are practically unlimited.

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Photo *Lent by Scientific American.*

A hood of oiled silk covers the head of the fireman, who is seen rescuing a boy overcome by noxious gas.

A BREATHING APPARATUS FOR FIREMEN.

An Invention for Rescue Work in Suffocating Atmospheres.

Mr. Charles E. Chapin, of Berkeley, Cal., U.S.A., has invented an excellent respiratory apparatus for the use of firemen.

It consists of a hood lined with oiled silk to cover the head, and an air cylinder carried on the back.

The cylinder is divided into three chambers, which contain, under pressure that can be regulated by the wearer, enough air to last for an hour.

The air is conducted to the headpiece by a rubber tube, and the exhaled air escapes through a valve opposite the fireman's mouth.

An excellent precaution provides that, although a man wearing the apparatus can fill his lungs comfortably, it is impossible for him to expend all the air in a short time as he might be tempted to do if he lost his head.

The main supply of air comes from the big outer cylinders, and the middle one is only drawn on as a last resource.

As the apparatus weighs only twenty-three pounds, it is by no means an incumbrance, and it can be adjusted in half-a-minute.

A great advance on all previous systems, the invention seems extremely practical, and will probably be employed extensively among fire brigades.

Everyone is familiar with the great risks run by firemen when entering smoke-filled rooms, and many deaths from suffocation have occurred during rescue work in smoke-charged atmospheres. But the greatest field for the use of this invention will doubtless be at fires occurring on board ship, since without some apparatus of the kind it is practically certain death to enter the hold of a vessel when the cargo is on fire.

Any device for safeguarding the lives of the brave men who run risks in the interest of their fellow creatures deserves to be adopted universally.

Photo *Lent by Scientific American.*

A cylinder of compressed air, that can be regulated, and will last an hour, is carried on the back.

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HUMAN MOSAICS.

Wonders of Physical Drill.

Nowadays when from all sides the cry goes up: "Are we degenerating?" and when professors of physical culture advertise strength by post in all the newspapers, it is interesting to compare the two examples of physical drill illustrated on this page. The first exhibition took place in England, the second on the Continent; and although it is usually stated that physical drill attains far greater perfection abroad than at home, in this case England does not lag behind; especially when it is remembered that those in the first picture are but school children, while those in the second are trained gymnasts.

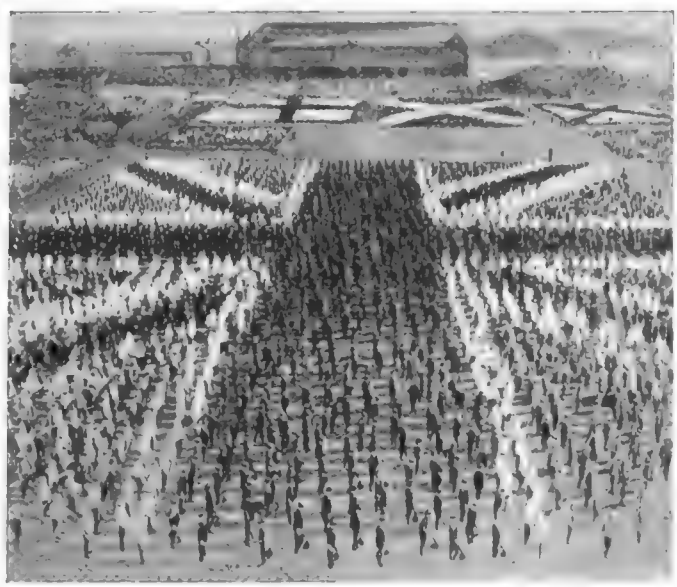

Photo *Willis, Eden & Co., Sheffield.*

At the last Empire Day pageant at Sheffield, in which 13,000 school-children took part, a living Union Jack was formed by 3360 boys dressed in red, white, and blue.

At Sheffield last year a great pageant was held in honour of Empire Day, in which 13,000 school children took part. These, under their instructors, were grouped to form various flags, such as the Cross of St. George and the Cross of St. Andrew, the children being dressed in the various colours requisite for the purpose.

But the most striking feature of the display was a living Union Jack, formed by 3360 boys, dressed in red, white, and blue. The large number of children massed together, and the striking dimensions of the flag they composed, made a very remarkable spectacle. The second picture shows a remarkable gathering of gymnasts.

At irregular intervals a great gathering of 8000 Bohemian gymnasts assembles on the Belvedere Plain of Prague. In the picture 8000 performers are visible. The grouping of so many persons at regular distances causes some very curious optical illusions, the ranks appearing to run diagonally.

At irregular intervals a great gathering of 8000 Bohemian gymnasts assembles on the Belvedere Plain at Prague, under the auspices of the Bohemian Gymnastic Club. The result is a magnificent spectacle.

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AN EPISODE IN TRIOLETS.

By Helen Taylor

I

At the end of the street
Each morning at nine,
We're certain to meet
At the end of the street.
Two eyes, shy and sweet,
Are lifted to mine
At the end of the street
Each morning at nine

II

Oh, how shall I greet
This goddess divine?
Murmur something discreet?
Oh, how shall I greet
My love when we meet?
Say, "The morning is fine?"
Oh, how shall I greet
This goddess divine?

III

Suppose I repeat,
"For you, love, I pine!"
Shall I fall at her feet?
Suppose I repeat,
"My pulses but beat
To the music of thine!"
Suppose I repeat,
"For you, love, I pine!"

IV

If I dare to entreat,
Will she deign to be mine?
(O rapture complete!)
If I dare to entreat
Will it end in defeat,
Or in triumph divine?
If I dare to entreat,
Will she deign to be mine?

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His Profession

The Story of an Engagement that was Broken and Renewed.

By I. A. R. Wylie.

I.

Captain Philips had left her already half-an-hour, and the book which he had given into her hands remained unopened. Curiously enough, her interest in its contents had vanished. When he read to her, his musical, expressive voice held her attention; when she was alone, she preferred infinitely to rest her eyes on the beautiful Indian garden at her feet and build air-castles more or less impossible.

Her thoughts were so deeply engaged that she did not notice when the silk hangings of the door behind her were pushed back, and an officer, bearing the traces of a long and dusty ride, stepped on to the veranda. He watched her for a moment or two in silent amusement, and then, moving quietly forward, slipped his fingers over her eyes.

"Day-dreaming again!" he said gaily. "Who is the latest hero of romance, Ena?"

She struggled, succeeded in getting herself free, and turned on him with a faint flush of anger on her cheeks.

"Ah, it's you!" she said with suppressed irritability. "I might have known it. You are so sudden and rough. Why do you always spring on me like that?"

He flushed also, and then laughed, though somewhat constrainedly. It struck him that this impatient mood was something new in her—something new and almost inexplicable. In the first months of their engagement there had been no cloud between them. Lately matters had not been quite the same.

"I am sorry," he said apologetically. "It was only in fun."

She made no answer and there was a brief silence. Then he bent forward, and, taking the book from her knee, began turning the leaves slowly over.

"Philips?" he said laconically.

"Yes. Have you any objection?"

"None—so far as you are concerned. Still, I should think a little military knowledge would be more in place for Philips than philosophy. He has plenty to learn in order to become a good soldier."

"What is a good soldier, as you call it?" she retorted, not without contempt. "There are poets and philosophers who are braver

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than any soldier—and better men into the bargain."

"That may be. There are also poets and philosophers who hide behind their books so that they need not face the things a soldier should and must face." He had drawn himself up to his full height, and a certain significance rang out of his words. She turned on him with blazing eyes.

"What do you mean?"

He made no answer. His rather plain face had grown fixed and grave. The light of boyish fun had died from his eyes. There was a moment of painful silence. Then he made an energetic movement as though to shake something unpleasant from him.

"I have more news, dear," he went on. "I'm to be transferred to X—— after September. The order has just come. That will fit in very well. I have my leave for our marriage and then we can settle down in my new garrison."

"In X——!" she echoed with contracted brow. "What nonsense! Betty told me it was a dreadful place."

"I don't think so," Captain Andrews answered, "and even if it is, Ena, couldn't you put up with it for my sake? It will only be for a short time." There was a distinct note of rather hopeless pleading in his voice.

She stamped impatiently.

"It is impossible," she said. "I told you before that anything like that would be impossible. It means nothing but intellectual stagnation——"

"That's Philips' pet phrase, isn't it?" he broke in with a short laugh. "That at least will be one good thing, Ena. You will be away from that man's influence."

She turned on him with a quick and haughty gesture.

"Captain Philips is my friend," she said. "He is the one person who understands me. He knows as well as I do that a place like X—— would drive me mad. I cannot and will not go."

"You must—if you are to be my wife," he said quietly.

He had himself as yet well in hand, but there was a warning line between his brows. There was a moment's dead silence. Ena watched the man at her side out of the corners of her eyes. She noted the ugly, jagged scar across the bronzed cheek, and the soiled, travel-stained uniform. These things filled her with displeasure—almost amounting to disgust.

"There is no 'must' about it," she said. "I should have thought it was your duty to see to my wishes."

"I would if I could," he said still quietly. "In this case I cannot. My duty to my profession comes first—my pleasure afterwards."

"I understand," she said with irony. "I do not take any serious part in your life. I am only your pleasure, forsooth—a secondary consideration. There lies the whole trouble. There is no serious bond between us. Your work is nothing to me, and you cannot enter into my interests, books and art and——"

"The fads of a moment," he interrupted bluntly and then bit his lip, regretting already the words his growing anger had forced from him.

She sprang to her feet, stung to the quick in the weakest part of her character—her vanity.

"You are very rude," she said with trembling lips.

He faced her firmly.

"I may be rude," he said, "but there are some things I must say. It seems to me you are drifting towards a great error which may injure us both. Remember, I am not a dreamy poet—it was not as such that I won you. I am a soldier and you are to be a soldier's wife. And a soldier's wife is different from other women. Her heart must be in her husband's work. She must help him and urge him on to the highest sacrifices—she must be prepared to sacrifice herself. You knew this when I asked you. I thought your love would be strong enough. Lately——"

He broke off. He was indeed more deeply in love with this beautiful woman before him than he dared own even to himself, and the remembrance of all that "lately" meant stung him.

He did not know it, but at his last halting words she had turned with a movement of regret and remorse. Then he spoke again, and the light of obstinate decision rekindled in her eyes.

"It can't be helped, Ena," he said. "You must come with me to X——. My wife must follow me. Were it health that stood in the way I would say nothing, but as it is a question of a few worthless amusements and what you are pleased to call intellectual intercourse, I must insist."

"You can insist," she said passionately "but I shall not come."

"Then——"

She drew herself up. The then had sounded like a threat.

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"We had better be straightforward with each other," she said with pitiless deliberation. "You despise my interests and I—hate your profession. I find nothing noble or courageous about it—nothing worthy of the sacrifices you demand. It merely wearies and sickens me. I am not that sort of woman. Go and marry some sturdy creature who will glory in it—someone with the nerves of a market woman——"

"Thank you," he said, white to the lips.

There was another long silence.

"Then—I suppose it's all over?" he said at last.

She nodded, and his hand fell unconsciously with a convulsive clasp on his sword hilt. He hesitated a moment, as though to give her time to remember the past which had been so full of cloudless happiness for them both. But she stood motionless, apparently indifferent, and without another word he swung on his heel and left her.

II.

Ena's first action was to inform her mother that her engagement was at an end. She congratulated herself on her own calm and indifference. On the other hand, she found that her mother showed an almost heartless lack of emotion.

"You have his ring still," was the elder woman's only comment.

Ena noticed the omission with some embarrassment, and sent the ring back to its first owner in an untidy little cardboard box which she knew would irritate his almost pedantic love of order. The question of order and disorder had indeed always been a stumbling-block between them, and it gave her a malicious sense of satisfaction to be able to defy his special wishes and tastes now. She was both surprised and disgusted with herself when she cried on hearing that he had left on leave before joining his new garrison. "I knew my nerves would not stand that kind of thing," she explained. "It is fortunate that I found out in time that we were not suited to one another."

So the diamond and sapphire ring vanished from her finger, to the secret wonderment of her friends, who were tactfully silent—before her, at least. Only one person spoke openly to her, and that person was George Philips.

It was the night of the regimental dance, and he had led her to the veranda whence they could look out on to the great, shadowy garden bathed in the brilliant Indian moonlight. They were silent for some moments, and then Philips turned and looked straight into her thoughtful face.

"So—he has gone," he said, as though they had been speaking of someone whom both knew well. "I am glad."

He had a very full, soft voice, which possessed a peculiar charm for women. It filled each separate individual with the conviction that he spoke to no one else in the same warm tone, and there was now such sincerity in its depths that Ena turned.

"You sound as though you were really glad," she said. "Why?"

The question was a direct one, and he smiled.

"There are many reasons," he said. "One of them I cannot tell you now—later perhaps. That is the least worthy of the reasons, because it is for myself. But the others are for you."

"For me?" she echoed.

He nodded.

"You have trusted me with a great deal," he said, drawing a small roll of manuscript from his pocket. "Do you remember—you gave me these months ago. You asked me what I thought of them, knowing I was interested in such things. Until I read what you had written I thought you were a lucky woman to become Dick Andrews' wife—afterwards I was sorry."

His voice dropped. He was turning the pages thoughtfully over. The expression on his handsome face seemed to reflect the remembrance of a past regret.

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand," she said gropingly. She remembered well enough the occasion to which he referred. They had spoken together over art and literature, and she had given him a few verses which she had scribbled down in an idle moment. But he had never returned them nor spoken of them, and his silence had hurt her vanity. Now he brought them out as something treasured—even respected—and the knowledge that he had kept them filled her with undefined satisfaction.

"I know what you are thinking," he said. "I never spoke of them to you—but I could not—not then."

"Why not?" she asked with a forced laugh. "Were they too bad?"

He shook his head gravely.

"I was afraid to say too much. I could not come to you with idle compliments. I had to tell you the truth or be silent. And I could not tell you the truth."

"And now?"

"Now I can." He leant forward, and his

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eyes met hers with passionate significance. "Don't you see, when I read all that—I knew you were committing an awful error, that you were just going blindly against your own nature, and that in the end it would hurt—hurt badly. I wanted to save you. I wanted to tell you that Dicky wasn't the man for you. He is a fine fellow, splendid pluck and muscle, and all that, but he wouldn't understand the best in you. He is too full of his work, and his men, and his guns. What are these things to you?"

He ended abruptly, and the question startled her into an immediate answer.

"Nothing. I hated them. The very thought of war and death sickened me. And he was so full of it all. He used to explain to me why the new sword was so good for cutting down an enemy. I always shuddered afterwards when I saw it."

She shivered a little as she spoke.

"I understand," he said simply.

"You understand? And yet you are a soldier, too!"

"By force of circumstances—not by taste. Everything in me revolts against the brain-killing routine, the senseless drudgery. That's why I understand so well. I need the things you need, art, beauty, literature. Our natures spring from the same source, our thirst is quenched in the same waters. And so—when I heard you were free—I was glad, because I knew the best in you was saved." He paused. "There was another reason why I was glad," he went on almost under his breath. "One day—may I tell you that, too?"

She made no answer, but she knew, as he knew, that her silence was assent.

So the months drifted past, and the memory of Richard Andrews began to fade from her mind. She lived in a languid, perfumed air of flattery, and in every look and word from Philips she saw herself reflected—the clever, delicate-minded woman to whom a rough sound or an ugly scene was as a blow. He taught her what she wished to think herself, and what her worth was in the world, and she was grateful to him. One thing she retained from her fresh girlhood, and that was an inborn honesty. She never disguised the truth from herself. She knew whither they both were drifting. She knew that he loved her, and she believed that she loved him. Thus, when, five months after Richard had left her, she found herself alone in the shady club garden with Philips, she knew what he had come to ask, and she knew her answer—or thought she did, which amounted to the same thing.

For some time they walked silently side by side, each deep in thought. Everything about them was strangely quiet. The usual gay crowd of officers off duty was absent, and in the short Indian sunset it seemed as though they wandered together in a silent world of dreams. Then Philips spoke:

"Ena, I have brought back the poems you gave me," he said softly. "They are wonderful. I want to keep them; will you give them to me for good? In return I, too, have written; not like you, for I am not a poet. But my heart was full."

He spoke incoherently, without his usual deliberate choice of words. The very incoherency made him sound sincere. Ena took the papers from him. She could not read. In spite of all her previous calm reflection she felt agitated and uneasy.

"When you have read you will understand," he said hoarsely. "Or, Ena, do you understand?"

She hesitated. She understood everything—everything except herself.

"Do you care—Ena—do you care?" he begged, and his voice wavered.

Still she did not answer. She meant to turn and look him honestly in the eyes, and say: "Yes, I do care," but a miserable growing doubt held her tongue-tied. Then suddenly she came to an abrupt halt.

"What is that?" she said.

The complete silence of the falling twilight had been broken. A clear, high trumpet call rang out in the distance and then died away. It was picked up and repeated—this time more faintly, so that it seemed almost to come from another world than that of the peaceful garden. Then came the quick roll of the drums and the sound of a marching band.

"What is that?" she repeated, for her companion remained silent, his head bowed. He had a long riding-whip in his hand, and he was switching the loose pebbles restlessly on one side.

"The troops are ordered out," he said impatiently, almost roughly.

She looked at him with a quick, doubting question in her eyes.

But he did not look at her.

"They are ordered out—where to?" she demanded imperatively.

"There has been a rising. They say X—— is being attacked. They are going to the relief. The news came an hour ago."

They had moved on. Now they came again to a halt, and stood facing each other.

"And you—?" she said scarcely audibly.

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His eyes were fixed on hers as though hypnotised.

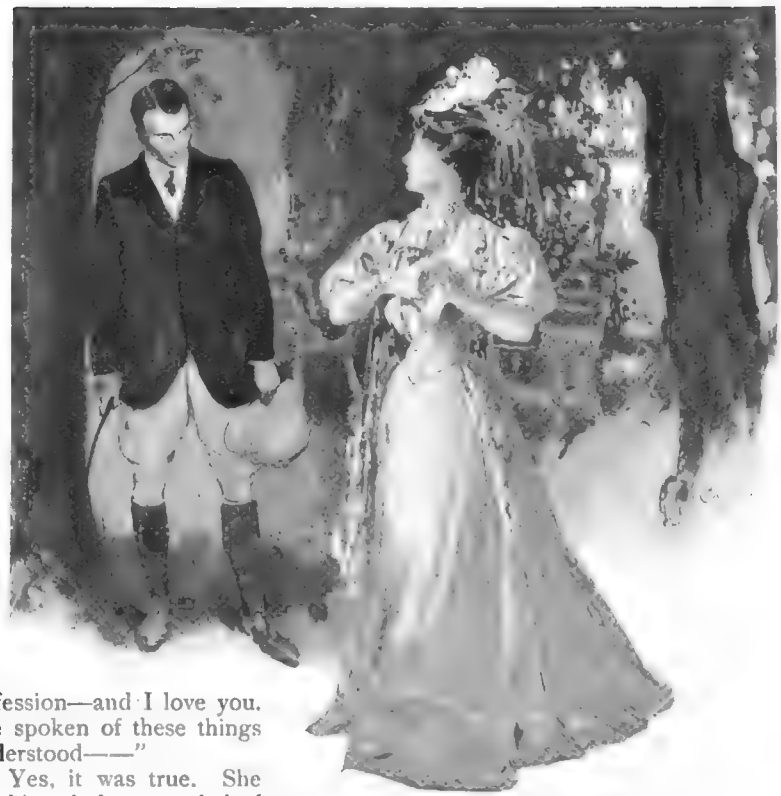
"I have a touch of fever—they let me stop in charge of the remaining garrison — I was not fit," he stammered, and broke off. He knew that his nerve was gone, that in some strange way he had betrayed himself, and that her eyes were looking right down into his soul.

"Ena—I am not a soldier—I should only have messed things, and I couldn't go. I couldn't have left you without my answer—nothing else mattered to me. I hate my profession—and I love you. You know, we have spoken of these things before—and you understood——"

She drew back. Yes, it was true. She had spoken of these things before, prattled of them rather, like an ignorant child. Now she stood before the reality, and shrank from it aghast. Then very slowly and deliberately she took the papers she still held, and tore them across and across. The torn fragments fluttered noiselessly to the ground.

"I'm glad I didn't read," she said. "I don't understand. I don't want to understand. It's too ugly."

She turned, and walked back with quick, firm steps towards the clubhouse.



Very slowly and deliberately she took the papers she still held and tore them across and across.

III.

The windows had long been shattered, and one or two chance bullets whizzed through within a few inches of Ena's head. Except for the curious ripping sound as they buried themselves in the woodwork behind her, she would scarcely have noticed them, so deep was she in her work.

The one-storeyed bungalow had been turned into a temporary hospital, with three beds and various straw heaps in case of exceptional need. There had been no exceptional need. There were only two occupants, and one was dead. The other lay on the straw, just where he had fallen after he had staggered in, and it was his life-blood Ena was trying to check. If she had had time to think she would have felt forsaken and despairing. True, the relief force to which she belonged had succeeded in entering X——, but the iron band of the enemy had closed round them again and they were shut in—the besieged and the would-be rescuers. She had not seen Dick —in the confusion it was not likely—but she knew that he must be somewhere in the town. It might be that he was amongst the dead. But she refused to think of that. She shut out all thought of self. She had come to do her duty, and that was the chief thing. She was without help in her work. The doctor had promised to return, but had failed to do so, and only the distant firing told her that her countrymen were at hand.

The fighting had gone on for some hours, and seemed to have come nearer. But Ena did not pay attention to these things. She was only feeling angry that the doctor had not come back as he had promised. He had taken most of the bandages with him,

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and now this poor fellow was dying for want of a proper tourniquet.

She heard quick steps—three at a time—on the rickety stairs, and nodded to herself. That was the doctor at last. She did not turn when the door opened. The man by whom she knelt had groaned, and she tried to shift him into a more comfortable position. The newcomer tried to fasten the door—a futile effort, seeing that the lock was shot to pieces—and began swearing to himself under his breath.

"My luck, my miserable, rotten luck!" he was saying furiously.

"Here, nurse, haven't you got a patent for giving a fellow his right arm and half his men back? Why, what the——"

Ena had turned hastily at the first sound of his voice, and they looked at each other in blank amazement.

"Ena!" he said helplessly.

She was the first to recover herself.

"I might have known it was you," she said, endeavouring to keep an extemporised bandage in the right place. "As I told you once before, you always were sudden and unexpected in your appearances."

"What, in Heaven's name, are you doing here?" he interrupted, and the shade of amusement in her voice found no echo in his.

"I belong to the medical section of the relief force," she said with dignity. "I offered my services as a trained nurse at once—it was one of my earlier fads, you know. At the present moment I am trying to bind up this man with a piece of my petticoat."

He looked at her in dull bewilderment. The delicate laces and embroideries were gone. She was dressed simply, and her sleeves were turned up to the elbow.

"The doctor should be here," she said, trying to fill up an awkward silence. "Like most men, he hasn't kept his promise."

"The doctor is dead," he said grimly.

"The doctor——?"

"He got mixed up in the fighting—trying to help a poor fellow. The best part of the relief force has gone the same way."

For the first time her busy hands stopped in their work.

"What do you mean?"

"They didn't send enough men—they never do. The relief force has just got itself into the same frying-pan as ourselves, and that's all the good it has done. Unless the promised help is here soon, we can begin to count our hours."

She had grown pale, but her hands were steady.

"And the sortie this morning?"

"Cut to pieces—I am about the last of the lot. They surrounded us, and just picked us off like partridges. A great pal of mine got bowled over, and I pulled him into shelter, and kept the fiends off as long as I could. Then I managed to slip away with him on my shoulders—but when I got here—it was all over."

His voice had grown harsh and uneven, but he went on. "This place is cut off from the rest, but I doubt if the beggars know we are here. If they did—! Queer, isn't it, that we should meet like this—at the end—when it's pretty well all over?"

She looked up, and saw that his face was grey with suffering.

"You are hurt?"

"Arm done for, that's all. Don't bother."

She got up, and gently but firmly began to cut away the coat from the bleeding arm. Another bullet cut past her, but she did not flinch.

"We had better kneel down," she said. "It is almost as though they knew we were here."

They knelt, and she felt him lean against her as though for support.

"Steady—drink this!" she said, putting a flask to his lips.

He drank, and as he did so their eyes met.

"You used—to loathe this sort of thing," he said faintly, "and now——"

"It was a mistake. It has its fine sides. It awakens the best and noblest in one. I was a fool. Life—real, breathing life—isn't in books and mere talk. It's here." She spoke tersely, brutally.

It was a satisfaction to her in this last hour to own the truth. He was scarcely listening. He had raised himself on his elbow.

"Hush! They are going past!" he whispered. "Don't you hear them?"

She listened also, and heard the swift, pattering sound of running feet.

"They are going to attack the last defences," he said. "They will not leave a man alive—and the second relief force has not come!"

He dragged himself to the open doorway, and looked down the narrrow stairs.

"My God—and I am helpless—I can do nothing!" he groaned between his teeth.

"You have your left arm," she said coolly. "Use it. Fire down among them. I can load your revolver. That will check them.

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"What, in Heaven's name, are you doing here?" he interrupted.

They will kill us first. Then perhaps that will give the others time, or the relief may come——"

"I can't——" he stammered. "If I were alone, but it isn't fair—to you——"

"I am willing—I wish it. We are only three at the best. There are a hundred over there to be saved. Dicky, don't you see, the stairs are narrow; only one man can come up at a time. We won't die cheaply."

He broke out into a low laugh of excitement.

"No, no, my God! no! We won't! I've a few dozen cartridges left, and that man over there may have some more. They'll have to pay for us before they get us!"

She slipped away again, and taking hold of an old, disused chest began to drag it towards the door. He caught at the idea and uttered an exclamation of triumph.

"That's splendid—just where it will shelter us." He fired rapidly. "There—they've found us. Steady, Ena. They're coming—steady, dear!"

He had sunk on his knees behind the old chest, and she crouched beside him. Neither had noticed the old endearing term. It came naturally that in the last moments the past should be forgotten. The sound of howling, threatening voices reached their ears. Then a black face showed itself round the winding stairs. Dick raised his revolver instantly. There was a sharp crack and a scream of pain, and the face vanished.

"That's one," he said grimly. She nodded. She had taken a second revolver from the dead man and held it in readiness. Neither spoke. With teeth set they knelt side by side, every nerve stretched to the uttermost. The howling voices sank to a murmur, and there seemed to be a hesitation. Then followed a disorganised rush, a few bullets whizzed over their heads, but Dick's revolver rang out unbrokenly, and his aim was true. When the rush was over there were three motionless bodies heaped together on the stairs.

Dick Andrews turned and looked at his companion. She was white, but her lips were firm set.

"You are a brave woman," he said, but she shook her head.

"No, no, not brave. But not quite the poor, weak creature I was when you left me, Dicky. I have learnt things since then."

He said nothing for a moment. Both listened intently. Then suddenly he turned again.

"Why did you do this?" he asked.

"Because I had acted meanly, unjustly. I wanted to atone——"

He shook his head.

"There was no need, dear." The words had not passed his lips when he fired again. The rush was a furious and persistent one. A fanatic, maddened with rage, succeeded in reaching the last step. This time Dick's quickness failed him, but Ena fired blindly with the spare revolver, and the naked body rolled back with an ugly thud.

Dicky laughed. The fury of battle was in his eyes.

"That was well done," he said. "It mayn't do much good; I suppose in the end they'll get us; but we've done our best."

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He hesitated, and his voice sank.

"They're half drunk with success, or they would think of the windows," he said. "Then it will be all over. Ena, the end is pretty near. I should like it—as we have got to go together—will you take this back?"

He thrust his unwounded hand into his tunic and drew out a little untidy cardboard box. They looked at each other, and though death stood at their elbow, they both laughed with the joy of people who have found each other in the darkness.

"I—it was very untidy—I did it to annoy you, Dick; I am so sorry."

"It's all right, dear. It was my fault. I was a bit of a tactless fool. It's all right now, even if it's late."

She had slipped the ring on to her finger, and he kissed her. Both felt it was for the last time. The end was close at hand. There was no halting, no pause. As each black body fell back beneath the unerring bullet, another took its place. The crack of the revolver sounded incessant; but it was in vain. And then suddenly a new sound caught their ears, the sound of hoarse cheering and the rattle of guns.

"They are reinforcing!" she said, but he answered with a wild exclamation of thanksgiving.

"They're English—don't you hear—the fine fellows—they've come after all in time."

He had sprung to his feet, mad with exultation, and fired at the dark faces beneath with the recklessness of triumph. It was too soon. A black arm was raised swiftly, a sharp crack followed, and Dick Andrews rolled over at Ena's feet. She dragged him to her and laid him in the shelter of the chest. Her teeth were set and her eyes bright.

And the woman who had shuddered at the sight of a sword, caught up the blackened revolver and fired down into the now flying enemy.

* * * * *

Captain Andrews was granted a year's sick leave, during which time he married. His name is written among those of brave and capable men, and his promotion has been a rapid one.

As to his wife, it is said that no man and no soldier could have a better, truer comrade.

The story of their desperate fight side by side is well known, but the story of the broken engagement has been buried and forgotten.

Even if it came to life again, in the face of the present happy circumstances no one is likely to believe it.

THE OLD SONGS.

I cannot sing the old songs, I arnt at my mother's knee,
My voice would break and falter in each well-known melody,
Would break and die to silence as the truth came home to me.

I cannot sing the old songs: my tears would overflow
As I sang the simple ditties that I loved so long ago,
There's a time for song and story—and a time to cease, we know.

I cannot sing the old songs for love or praise or gold;
Entreat me not, I pray you, but pity me when told
That I cannot sing the old songs—because I have a cold.

Isabel Butchart.

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Photo Press Picture Agency.

A comprehensive motoring costume.

WOMAN AND DRESS

II.—SOME ADVICE FOR BEAUTY'S TYPES.

By Jean Worth,
of Paris,
The World-Renowned Costumier.

This is the Second Article of this Series, in which M. Jean Worth, who has never before publicly expressed his views in any newspaper or periodical, gives his opinion on many important points relative to the art of dress.

The Wisdom of the Dressmaker's Advice—Queen Alexandra's Faultless Taste—Some Toilettes of the Tsaritsa—The Queens of Roumania—Italy—Holland—Queen Dowager of Spain—Dress for Emotional Women—The Choice of Colour—Dress for Business Girls—The Achievement of Individuality.

Last month, taking as my text the unexpected dictum: "Be not Fashion's Slaves," I strove to impress the value of simplicity, fine taste, and absolute fitness of fabric and decoration according to the wearer's individual needs. Perhaps a hard saying in this era of fugitive modes, yet one for the ears of truly wise women and maids. To me it is indeed strange to reflect that the glories of "Fashion," so called, only came in with the Second Empire and the flood of strangers that thronged to the Court of the Third Napoleon. My father began the vast work of educating public taste, especially in jet and fancy trimmings. He revived the art of lace-making in Paris, sought colour schemes in far Japan.

When the Empress Eugénie was married, lace-making was a lost art; and there were on her wedding-dress but two lace flounces two yards long, and even those not of the same pattern.

But what a change a few years wrought! In 1855 the Empress distributed prizes at an International Exposition in a cherry velvet gown with a skirt of Point d'Alençon worth £3000! Women awoke to the realisation that dressing was a real art; that they themselves were apt to go astray in it; and at length the socially prominent would no more think of designing their own gowns than they would of attempting to paint their own portraits. They had but little voice in the matter. But very different is the case to-day!

Not only must the maker of modes maintain a reputation for "exclusive designs," given to one customer solely for her own beautification—the silks woven for us by the Lyons' looms are copyrighted as though they were paintings—but he must keep in his *salon* dozens of model costumes, worn by *mannequins* or living models, who pace the floors of the reception rooms first in this and then in that costume, in order that the intending purchaser may see and choose her toilettes for herself—often with deplorable results. Then, too, there must be artists on the premises specially engaged to make water-colour drawings, that can be sent as specimens to clients so that they may be able to criticise, and choose what they consider will best suit their needs.

Yet the woman who is dressed by a really skilful artist need never fear that her trust in him will be misplaced. His ripe experience

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is at her disposal; his instinctive knowledge of what will look well, not only in the hand but on the body, whether in daylight or under the glare of electricity. Many exalted ladies —occupants of thrones in several cases, and themselves true artists in other branches than dress—do place themselves completely in the hands of their dressmaker, and their robes are the admiration of all beholders, quite apart from the commanding rank of the wearers.

Queen Alexandra is a born artist in this respect, inheriting the talent from her late mother, the Queen of Denmark, who taught her children what was becoming even during their early years in the Copenhagen nursery. Her Majesty can — often does — trim her own hats and bonnets, and make root-and-branch alterations with sure fingers and fine taste in even the most *recherché* Paris millinery. Never does Her Majesty permit the extravagance of fashion to invade her immense wardrobe.

The Queen does not ask "Will panne or stiff brocade be favoured?" or "Will fur be admitted for evening wear?" or again, "Will tight sleeves last through another season?" No. And not because Her Majesty is a law unto herself. Merely because she has exquisite taste and unerringly chooses modes that become her known beauty. The Queen herself has in the past gathered charming ideas from museums and galleries, and used to design in the Tapestry Room at Marlborough House under the direction of the late Lord Leighton.

The Russian Empress cares little for dress, though her coronation robe of cloth of silver and pearls was a marvellous thing. And she looked some Goddess of the North in a novel ball-dress designed for her recently. It was a "simple" gown of white velvet with a long train and superb veil. This last was kept in its place by a jewelled dove, lightly perched on the Tsaritsa's hair which was arranged over a cushion.

"Carmen Sylva," the gentle and white-haired Queen of Roumania, affects the charming flowing draperies of her country, with a long lace veil held in position with jewelled pins. Queen Elena of Italy's favourite colour is a soft blue-grey. Her Majesty of Holland feels most at home in a tailor-made; and the Dowager Queen of Spain has brilliant taste in patterned brocades and silks.

But it would be disingenuous to assert that all Royal ladies have correct taste. I recall one that loved violent hues, brilliant purples and greens that were painful to see. I persuaded Her Majesty to wear black. And in black she came to me one day. "I have followed your advice, M. Worth," she said with a smile, "but you can't prevent me from loving the reds and yellows. The sunlight of my own land makes me love brilliant colours, and I think colour is a question of climate."

There is something in that, too. It takes a strong-minded woman to defy fashion and abide by advice that makes the best of herself individually.

I may cite the case of Madame D——, the Italian actress of world-wide fame, whom I always dress. That great genius pleads for pure honesty when the question arises of what will suit her and what will not. Racked with illness as she often is, and also by the tremendous force of her marvellous intellect and the emotionalism of the part she plays, into which her very soul is poured, she often presents an appearance of intense fragility and weariness.

To give such a woman gowns that would increase this impression of physical frailty would not be right, however beautiful they might be in themselves. And so, when *madame's* preference is for a colour that I know will not suit her, I say without fear of offence: "But, *madame*, you are *not* to wear it; it makes you look old and sad." And she will thank me for my refusal. I confess, though, few other women admire such plain speaking.

But as to that great artiste, I have been asked by her for advice as to make-up, and in what manner her hair shall be dressed from the moment of her *entrée*. And I myself have arranged both matters, with what result the world who recognises the haunting fascination of her face and mien will judge. Her vogue in dress is usually the fourreau ou Princess, and her main choice is white, which is suitable for women of all ages, from the cradle to the bier!

But there are other ladies vastly less amenable. "Tell me, M. Worth," says one of them, evidently anxious to learn my opinion, "ought I to wear purple or green? I like this shade of green very much!"

"Do you wish for my honest opinion, *madame*," I ask, "or shall I merely agree with you?"

"Your candid opinion certainly, if you will, *monsieur*," is the reply.

"Then, *madame*," I answer, "I think your complexion is too pale for green. Purple would suit you far better."

Does she rest satisfied with purple, think you? Is my honest opinion of any practical

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value to her? Not at all. She has recourse to further discussion. "Well, but M. Worth," she says, "I do *so* much want green."

"Then have green, *madame*," I reply, for I perceive that that way only lies happiness for her.

"But do you like it?" she persists. I reply that I do, and the matter is then settled. My task thereafter is to secure that green which will quarrel least with *madame's* complexion, and tone down the generally evil effect of the colour by introducing some other hue near her skin. Have I thus explained to you clearly why women should trust their dressmakers, if these are by a consensus of opinion deemed worthy of trust, by reason of great experience and true artistic merit?

I will not insult the intelligence of my readers by insisting upon the now exploded theory that there are certain colours exclusively dedicated to the brunette and others solely for the blonde. When only crude dyes were obtainable, it was perhaps necessary to say to the dark woman: "For you there must exist only yellow and pale blue," and to the blonde: "You must look upon no colour save green and light red."

But now look round and contemplate the *nuances* of every dye; consider, too, the changes that are rung on the definition "brunette" and "blonde." Besides, if there is one point upon which women are usually good judges for themselves it is colour. In the case I have mentioned above did not the lady know as well as I, think you, that green was *not* her colour, and that purple was? Of course she did. While, however, roughly speaking, white is for everybody; mauve for the very fair; blue for the brunette; and red for the blonde, I would add that age should be circumspect in a decision as to colour schemes. With white, black, grey, and purple at her command, why should the woman of sixty insist upon pink, which is certain to make her appear years and years older than she really is?

Pink is for youth, yet there are women of sixty and upwards who persist in wearing it. Green, too, is a trying choice except for the

Photo *Boyer, Paris.*

Pinning and trying on petticoats for the first time in the Worth workrooms.

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fresh complexion with plenty of colour. In certain gradations of shade and in some lights it makes a white countenance, which purple would frame most beautifully, look ghastly in the extreme.

I could almost say, that instead of dressing ten or twenty years younger than their age, women past their youth would find it a wiser plan to dress five years older than they really are! For what would happen? Why, just this: that people would say: "Why does *madame* wear a dress so much too old for her?" Surely that is better than the remark, "Look at that old woman, pretending to be a girl!" The happy medium, however, can be acquired with care and taste.

A beautiful gown should be as great an artistic joy to its wearer and to those who see it on her as a beautiful room. As for the latter, what constitutes its beauty? Is it a plethora of cheap bric-à-brac, gimcrack furniture, walls spotted with oleographs hung upon a background of gaudy paper, and a common carpet?

Or, as I have seen it in some of the most lavishly-appointed houses, is it a distressing and clashing collection of costly objects? Abundant curios, furniture that must have been meant to be fallen over, so greatly does it obstruct the wayfarer's course across the room? A jumble of pictures, each one fine perhaps, but all of different schools, quite out of keeping with one another? And, to crown all, a thousand knick-knacks at once bewildering to the eyes and racking to the brain?

There is no taste here. A room should be restful and dignified. There should be on the suitably-hung walls some good tapestry and perhaps only one picture, which of its type should be a perfect masterpiece. A beautiful example of marble statuary, a few exquisitely modelled pieces of furniture, and a valuable carpet make up the whole of a perfect apartment as I understand it. And its mistress should appear as an appropriate jewel in a setting of such beauty.

I am here reminded that the case is just the same with jewellery. When my daughter was about to be married I took from its place in the bank a sum of money that her grandfather, the founder of our house, had left by will to be expended upon a wedding present for her. The amount was sufficient to purchase a necklace of diamonds. Yet I did not wish such a possession for my daughter.

Instead of presenting to her in her grandfather's name an ornament composed of stones of which not one would be really uncommon, I bought just a single stone—a solitary blue diamond, flawless, superbly cut; in point of fact, perfection. Few people may notice that diamond when my daughter wears it, but she owns a gem that is immaculate, and that is enough for me and for her.

Now since girls have carved for themselves so many honorable niches in the world of labour, it is to them I will address my next few words of advice. How is it, I wonder, that those who work for their own living will go to the desk or the counter in lace blouses that are suitable only for the intimacy of home? And in short-sleeved, semi-transparent affairs, the very antithesis of what the occasion requires?

In their hats feathers will flaunt this way and that, and they will put them on as if they were mad creatures—one week with the brim resting on the nose, the next with the whole *chapeau* sliding off the back of the head!

And alas! To see the grotesque way in which the misguided woman will dress her hair. Piled high, after the manner of a Japanese woman, puffed here and curled there, so that not only is the face robbed of every characteristic expression it possesses, making it look imbecile; but the shape of the head is completely obliterated. And as for the outlines of the forehead, of many physiognomies the chief beauty, it is covered altogether!

Such girls have not learnt discrimination; and until they realise that it is bad taste to garb themselves for the office as they would for the reception-room, they are a long way from meriting praise as well-dressed women. A batiste shirt, neatly made with a pleated front; a little turned-over collar and silk cravat, prettily knotted or tied, with a skirt of ankle length, quite simply made, and of a material suited to the exigencies of the weather, here is an *ensemble* that would surely look far more attractive than so much unnecessary "finery."

No sane and thoughtful man would wish to deprive any girl of the opportunity of exhibiting her very natural and proper partiality for dainty attire; but there should be logic in dress. Nor will it be a success if what is charming in one place becomes in another positively *outré* and vulgar.

If only girls would buy themselves by degrees pieces of real lace instead of the yards and yards of poor imitations with which they plaster their frocks! I can promise them that every inch of real lace will achieve for them the admiration of every discriminating man. For can it be supposed that

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men really admire the tawdry odds and ends with which so many women deck themselves, rather as if they were wild savages, pleased with the glitter of worthless baubles, than educated individuals of refinement and modern culture, who know good from bad, and false from true?

In Paris the woman of fine taste, such as I dress, will not wear at the theatre any cloak or toilette that draws attention to her; but will so gown herself that he who runs may read a "charming woman," by her quiet attire, and its exquisite simplicity of design. It is true that the materials are fine—better cannot be bought for gold, and the frock fits *à merveille*, as we say. But all the effect is entirely unostentatious.

And why should it be otherwise? These *good* women do not dress to attract indiscriminate attention — far from it. They would not consent to go to a ball half-clothed, with sleeves cut low beneath the arms, and the *corsage* only an apology for what it should be. Their desire is *not* to look like what they are not, but rather like what they *are*. Is it not too frequently the case that the opposite inclination would seem to prevail, even with the best of intentions?

Photo *Henri Manuel.*

The trying on of an Empire gown in one of the magnificent *salons* of the *Maison* Worth.

I mentioned elbow sleeves just now, and let me take this opportunity of expressing my views upon the subject, and at the same time correcting a misrepresentation ascribed to me in the press.

It is well known I am never "interviewed" by newspapers; but one day a lady, who turned out to be a journalist, came to me and asked whether I approved of elbow sleeves? I told her: "Yes, in their proper place"—which was not, I considered, with a morning dress. "With her arms bared to her elbows at breakfast-time," I said, "I think a lady would look like her own cook or housemaid, who must push up her sleeves to make her pastry or do her scrubbing!" Yet that journalist went away and declared in her newspaper that "M. Worth disapproved of short sleeves!"

By no means do I disapprove of them with the evening gown when met by the long glove, nor yet with the afternoon toilette of ceremony, likewise in company with the glove. But indoors during the day it is not desirable, that curtailed sleeve, which displays just that part of the arm which is only in such rare cases really pretty. For it is often either flat as a board, and covered with down, or quite an ugly red colour. And in no instance do I like the elbow sleeve as the accompaniment of a cloth dress; it is far too hard in effect. If short sleeves must be worn, they should be made of lace and soft fabrics, not of cloth.

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Photo *Henri Manuel.*

Some of the special artists taking charge of an important order. Occasionally a Royal or Princely client will be fitted by proxy, through the medium of a model of identical build.

But this season there is a revulsion in favour of very long sleeves that reach down even to the knuckles of the hands!

And during all the time the fad for short sleeves was rampant, the best-dressed women refused them for day-time wear. Crazes are not for them. To rush headlong into the *melée* with everybody, each one demonstrating a new notion, be it suitable or unsuitable, is by no means the sign of the well-dressed woman. Such a one knows too much about herself—about the vulgar evanescence of the *dernier cri* that sings another tune to-morrow.

They know that a woman of commanding rank and great beauty, who dresses with supreme *individuality*, can impose, with no effort of her own, her peculiar style of dress on the world at large. Such a one, should she have a long neck, will wear a high collar, and lo! —everybody follows suit with tragi-comic results, hateful because so easily avoided with a little intelligence.

Or a queen grows tired of narrow skirts, and suddenly appears in one that is round and full. And next day the modes are changed *en masse!* I am here reminded that "fashion," so-called, has some droll secrets. The great Rachael, for instance, once bought out of sheer good nature from an embarrassed friend a big piece of yellow silk. And so striking did the famous actress appear in the resulting gown that almost every woman in her audience ordered a similar costume, so that the wholesale houses fortunate enough to have plenty of yellow in stock made a fortune!

My father, too, once created one of the most "popular" fashions womankind ever had —that of the overskirt or "tablier"—because he saw how elegant was the figure of a washerwoman who had tucked up her humble frock over her petticoat.

From a washerwoman's gown to a scrap of age-old tapestry in an ancient church; a bit of Louis Quinze brocade in a curio shop; a Murillo Madonna in the Prado; a colour scheme surrounding the head of a martyred saint; a touch of Gainsborough *coquetterie*—here are startling transitions by which one may gain some idea of the earnest alertness of the true artist in dress, the creator of the modes.

But remember, each new "touch," each *nuance* of novelty will not adorn *all* women. Why, so much the reverse is the case that the most costly and exquisite dresses I make are creations designed just for *one* woman, and for her alone. For many of my American customers, too, I am obliged to invent gowns that have no replicas, for a woman of commanding social rank scarcely

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likes to meet in her own set another wearing a gown at all like her own. I recommend each woman, therefore, to study her own requirements carefully, or trust her dressmaker with the task if he understands his work.

Americans are excellent patrons, inasmuch as they are constant to one dressmaker when he has succeeded in satisfying them. They do not, like the French, rush from one to another, but return again and again for their toilettes to the same house.

The Russians, too, are magnificent in their love for rich materials and their appreciation of the conceptions of the modiste who is also a real artist in adapting the wearer to her robes and *vice versâ*. Since the war with Japan, however, prodigal expenditure has not been so possible as before in the country of the Tsar. But under normal circumstances the Russian is a woman who realises the importance of dress as an art.

The Russian Court, perhaps, surpasses all others in splendour, for the nobles possess the hoarded wealth of generations. The Imperial Grand Duchesses and all the rest of the great ladies have their gowns made in Paris, though often from fabrics woven by the wonderful Moscow silk firm of Shapojnikoff. In Paris, by the way, you will often see a dozen foreign royalties shopping with perfect freedom from the crowd, which I suppose proves the proud boast of our artist-traders: "*Il n'y a qu' à Paris!*"

Individuality is with the Russian nation a very marked characteristic; but it is not the type of individuality that prefers mere spectacle rather than refinement; far otherwise. I should like all women to draw the line between individuality and ostentation very firmly.

Of all nations in the world perhaps the French fall least into errors of ostentation because of the natural reasonableness and genuine realisation of good taste which seems to be born in them. The veriest workgirl in Paris, as every travelled person knows, is a lesson to the wealthy wives of the world's millionaires. Behold one of our *midinettes* neatly shod, with a peep of snowy *jupon* beneath her black gown, tripping through the streets. Bareheaded it may be, but *coiffée* with a *chic* it is delightful to behold, her hair as well burnished and charmingly *ondulé* as if she were a duchess.

(Another Article of this series Entitled "The Secrets of Successful Dressing" will Appear Next Month.)

Photo *Boyer, Paris.*

Fitting nearly completed *corsages* on to wooden figures.

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The Story of a Brave Man.

By Walter Hackett.

At first, because of his severely-cut black clothes and old-fashioned silk hat, I decided that he was either a dissenting minister or a professional gambler. But one day, while he was solemnly parading the deck, a gust of wind blew aside his frock-coat, and I saw that he had an enormous diamond fastened in his shirt front. That told me the truth—he was a showman.

Afterwards, when I came to know him, I found that he was none other than John Thompson, sole proprietor of Thompson's Magnificent, Marvellous, Massive, Moral, Three-Ring Circus, Colossal Menagerie and Hippodrome, all combined under one vast canvas.

Before the voyage was half over, Thompson and I had become fast friends, and he had confided to me his object in going abroad.

It was to secure a feature that would fill the gap in his show which the loss of the Torval troupe of performing lions had created. Here, in his own words, is the story of how he lost them:

"The feller that I am goin' to tell you about joined the show in one of the small towns in the northern part of Texas—just which one it was I've forgotten.

"It was after the concert that followed the regular afternoon performance in the big tent was over that I first saw him. The audience was all out, and I had gone in there on account of it bein' quiet, and, leanin' my chair against the centre-pole, I was sittin' cross-legged, tryin' to have a peaceful smoke and forget all about how bad business had been for the last fortnight.

"Suddenly I happened to raise my eyes, and there I spied him sittin' on one of the top row of seats.

"Naturally, I didn't like that very much, so I sung out to him right sharply:

"'Hey, there, you, come down out of that!'

"Without sayin' a word he got up, and, climbin' over the benches, come straight down to where I was sittin'. When he reached me I was all took aback, for I saw at once that he was not a regular loafer, but a real swell.

"He had on good clothes, though they was mighty threadbare, and they fitted him the way good clothes always fit a man that is used to wearin' them; but it was his face and manner that made me know for sure. They seemed to say, somehow, that he would be at home, no matter what he was doin' or

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how he was dressed, and it's only born swells that is that way.

"Well, as I said, he come over to me and stood there very quiet-like, while I sat starin' up into the tired eyes that shone out of his white, drawn face, tryin' to think what to say. At last I stuttered out, gruffly enough:

"'Well, what are you hangin' around here for, eh?'

"'To see you,' he answers.

"'To see me?' I asks, gettin' more and more puzzled every minute.

"'Yes,' he says. "You're John Thompson, aren't you?' And wavin' his hand around he adds: 'The proprietor of this mammoth enterprise.'

"Now, I wasn't in no mood to have my show made fun of. You see, it was a good one, but business had been very bad, so I comes back at him very quick and severe-like.

"'Yes,' I roars, 'I'm John Thompson, and if you have any business with me state it, or get out of here pretty blame quick!'

"'I'll state it quick enough,' he answers me. 'I want a job.'

"Well, once again I was took of a heap. A swell like him wantin' a job with a circus—it beat anything I'd ever heard of!

"The thought struck me that he might be tryin' to kid me, but when I took a second look at him, I saw that that was not so. The look in his tired eyes was too serious for that. Somehow I knew that what he wanted was a chance to get away from himself—a chance to forget some things that it didn't do him no good to remember."

"'What do you think you would like to do?' I asks him at last.

"'Anything,' he answers.

"Well, just as I was turnin' the thing over in my mind, I happened to look up and see Torval, the lion-tamer, passin' by. Only that mornin' he'd told me that he needed a man to help him, and, thinks I, I'll offer this here feller the job.

"It seemed certain that that would stop him, if anything would, for everybody knew that Torval's lions was the fiercest trained animals in the world, and all the papers thereabouts had been full of how they had killed his last assistant some two weeks before. So I says to him:

"'There's only one job open with the show. Torval needs a man to help him look after his lions. Do you want to do that?'

"Lord, if you had seen how his eyes snapped when he heard me! And he smiled for the first time.

"'That's the very thing for me,' he says, eager-like—and that was all. But it settled the thing. He had taken me at my word, and I had to give in. So I called to the lion-tamer.

"'Oh, Jim,' — his real name was Jim Watson; he was from somewhere up Connecticut way—'come over here, will you?' And when he done so, I pointed to the stranger and says: 'Here's your new helper.'

"He took one sharp, quick look at the feller. All them animal trainers look at men and beasts that way, and make up their minds quicker than they look; it's their business teaches them that. When it don't, they quit the show business for good and settle down quietly in a home for cripples or a graveyard. Then he stuck out his fist and shook hands with the new man, very cordial.

"'All right,' says he, as he done so. 'He is the sort of man I was lookin' for.'

That ended it, though I was sorry that it did, for I couldn't get it out of my head that the feller was fit for something better, and as soon as the two had settled about the salary they were off together, leavin' me to wonder what trouble had driven the man to do what he had done.

"I didn't have very long to wonder over that, however, for that night the house was the worst we had had yet, and I forgot other people's troubles in speculatin' as to where I could find a nice, cheerfully-situated almshouse.

"I don't remember thinkin' of or seein' the stranger again until about a fortnight later, when we had worked up into Arkansas and were doing good business once more.

"Then, one night I happened to go into the big top while Torval's act was on the main ring. We had a great fence of steel bars that we used to draw around it and make a temporary cage, into which the lions would be turned from their cages, and where they would go through their tricks—and there, in the centre of it, alongside of Torval, was this here stranger as large as life. He had on a suit of khaki and big, yellow boots, the same as Torval wore, only his became him a whole lot better.

"I tell you, sir, he made a strikin' picture—handsome, heedless, darin'. Almost all the women in the reserved seats seemed to be sittin' there lookin' at him and payin' no attention to the lions at all.

"But I didn't like it. Those lions were dreadful fierce, and I didn't want to see

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another man killed—especially one that I had taken a fancy to, as I had to him. So, as soon as their acts was through, I went and found Torval.

"'Jim,' I says to him, very severe, 'you've got no business to let that there greenhorn in there with you and them beasts.'

"He looked at me and laughed.

"'He's safer in there,' he tells me presently, 'than I am—a heap sight. He has every one of them, includin' old Nero, as harmless as children, for he don't fear any of them not in the least, which is more than I can say, for sometimes they do get on my nerves.'

"That satisfied me. You see, you don't need much experience to handle beasts; nerve is the only necessity—that and common sense.

"Nothin' changes lions, and nothin' softens them. A man might be kind to them and take care of them and feed them for twenty years, but it wouldn't make no difference to them. Every minute of that time they would be watchin' him—watchin' for a chance to catch him off his guard and kill him, lookin' for just one sign of weakness in the man's eyes—one sign of fear. If they ever do see that, it's all over; but until they do see it, he's safe enough with them.

"So, as I've told you, what Torval told me satisfied me about the stranger, but I was a bit upset by what he said of himself.

"I didn't like those words about the beasts gettin' on his nerves, and I suppose I should have done somethin' about it. But I didn't; and because I didn't, poor Jim almost lost his life.

"It happened this way: We had an accident one night when we was makin' a journey. Our special had a collision with a goods train.

"It didn't do much damage, fortunately—just gave us all a big shakin' up—but it upset the animals a good deal; they never can stand things like that, and after it was over the lions was worse than ever, and that is sayin' a whole lot. Every one of us knew that old Nero—he was the worst of them—would be certain to make trouble.

"And he did—at the first performance after the collision. Torval had an awful time with him. He had to beat him over the head with his steel bar, and finally fire a blank cartridge full in his face before he could subdue him; and even then we knew that he wasn't really subdued, but that he would break out again at his first chance.

"That came during the evenin' performance. The moment he walked into the ring, lashin' himself with his tail, his wicked eyes shootin' fire, and his great ugly mouth wide open, so as you could see his cruel fangs, I knew that he was just lookin' for trouble. Torval saw it as quick as I did—quicker, I guess—and whether it frightened him, or whether the fight that afternoon had taken all his nerve, I can't tell, but anyway he fell back a step.

"That settled it; Nero saw the chance he wanted—the one he had been waitin' and longin' for—and in the wink of an eye he made a spring for him.

"I can tell you, it was a dreadful sight to see that yellow beast flyin' through the air, straight at the throat of the white-faced man who stood there waitin' for him. Lord, it gives me the shivers now to think about it!

"Just before he reached him I closed my eyes. I couldn't bear to look at the rest. But even so, I heard the rip of his cruel claws as they sank into the man's breast, and the sound of the man fallin'. After that there was a silence—a horrible silence.

"Durin' it I waited with shakin' knees for the awful noise the lion would make when he began to claw the man to pieces. But it never came. Instead, I heard the crowd give a great shout.

"I opened my eyes to see what it was about, and there, standin' over Torval's fallen body, was the feller I've been tellin' you about. And he was holdin' Nero at bay.

"I'll never forget that moment as long as I live. They was a standin' there—man and beast—watchin' each other, each lookin' for his chance.

"How long they stood so, I can't tell you, but it was a long time, and durin' it neither wavered. But for all their silence they was fightin' each other as desperate as a man and beast ever fought—and the man won.

"Suddenly he gave a laugh that rang out over the grave-like quiet in the tent and took a step towards the beast, and the beast hesitated and then fell back. After that it was all over.

"Quicker than I can tell it, the man had drawn his steel rod and was beatin' Nero over the face with it and drivin' him back. He didn't go easy, though. He struck at the rod with his paws and kept up a constant spittin' at the man, but he went just the same, until, a step at a time, he had been backed all round the ring and into his cage.

"After that, while the crowd was cheerin' him as if they had all gone crazy, the man went back, and pickin' up poor Jim as

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though he didn't weigh nothin' at all, he carried him to safety.

"But that wasn't all. After he had got him outside, and while I was too busy seein' how badly hurt Jim was to notice what was goin' on, blamed if this here feller didn't go back into the ring again, open the cage, bring the beasts out, and make them go through their tricks with the crowd yellin' like wild Indians. I've never heard such cheerin' before or since.

"Well, the next day Jim went. He wasn't badly hurt, thanks to this here stranger, but his nerve was all gone, and he knew that it would be certain death for him to go in the ring with them lions again.

"I was all broke up when he told me, for those lions was the big sensation of the show, and the fuss they had been makin' was the biggest kind of an advertisement—the papers was all full of it.

"But I perked up right away, because he agreed to sell me the brutes, and told me that this here feller I've been talkin' about could handle them better than he could himself. He was a good chap, Jim was; he even agreed to let the feller use the name of Torval, so the people wouldn't know there had been a change.

"But for all that I was mighty squeamish about lettin' Dalton—that was the name the feller claimed—take the risks he'd have to take with them brutes. You see, I knew that he was above such things. So to ease my conscience about it I sent for him and told him what I thought. But he only laughed at me.

"'I'm not afraid to die,' he says, 'and, besides, it's worth the risk of dyin'—that feelin' you get in there when you're facin' those beasts alone, and know that they are ten times as strong as you, and that they could kill you in a minute if they weren't afraid of you just because you aren't afraid of them.'

"'Dalton,' I answers him, 'there's only three reasons why a man ever talks as you do. One's because he's disgraced, and another's because whisky has got the better of him. Now, you don't look to me like a man that has done anything dishonourable, and I know you don't drink.'

"His face had grown very white as I spoke, but his eyes looked right straight into mine.

"'What's the third reason?' he asks at last, in a strange, slow voice.

"'A woman,' I answers him, and his face went even whiter than before. 'And if there's some woman who loves you,' I goes on, 'it would be hell for her to know that you had been clawed to death by a lion in a circus.'

"My words went home. I could see that, for he shut his eyes tight. For a moment my heart sank, for I thought he was goin' to take my advice and quit. But I didn't think so long. Suddenly he took a step forward and thrust his face close up to mine.

"'You're talkin' about somethin' that is none of your blamed business,' he says to me quiet-like, 'and I don't want to hear any more of it. All I want to know from you is, whether I'm to have the job or not, and what my salary is to be.'

"That ended it, and, to tell you the truth, I was glad of it. It would have made a big financial difference to me if I had lost that troupe of performin' lions out of the show. But, all the same, I was sorry that this here feller was to train them, for I liked him—no one could help doin' that—and now I was sorrier than ever for him, for after our talk I was sure that his trouble was about a woman—and that's the worst kind of trouble that a man can have.

"I used to spend considerable time wonderin' who the woman was, until one day I found out all about it, for they met before my very eyes.

"That was in a small town in Missouri.

"It was after the afternoon performance, I remember, and I had gone back to the dressin'-tent lookin' for Dalton—I wanted to speak to him about some detail. Well, I found him there, and, oddly enough, he was talkin' to Bessie Laramie, the girl cow-puncher. I guess it was the first time that he had ever spoke more than two words to her at once, and it was wonderful to see how her eyes shone as she stood there listenin'—there was even a flush of colour in her pale cheeks.

"The sight done me good, and for a moment I didn't speak, but just stood there watchin' them. When I was still standin' so, all of a sudden, from behind me, where the entrance to the big top was, I heard a soft, little cry, and then a woman's voice, very gentle and silvery-like:

"'Dick!'

"Dalton heard her, too, and in an instant he had forgotten all about Bessie Laramie, and the circus, and the lions. He only remembered one thing in the world—the woman who had spoken. I saw poor little Bessie grow white once more and cover her face with her hands; then I turned and looked in the direction from which the voice had come.

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"She was a girl—no, a woman—tall and slender, with great, dark eyes, and hair like fine-spun gold. Her face—it was a beautiful face, and proud, too, like his—was very pale, and both her hands were pressed against her heart.

"Just as my eyes fell upon her, she darted towards him, walkin' proudly, with her head high in the air, and not seemin' to know or care whether Bessie and I was watchin' her or not.

"She went directly to where he was standin' and stretched out her hand to him. Without a word, he caught it in both his own and held it tight on his breast, while his eyes looked straight into hers. I'll never forget the look on either of their faces as they stood there.

"It was just as if those two were alone somewhere—far away from everythin', with nothin' around them but flowers and trees and birds, and not in the dingy dressin'-tent of a dingy, one-hoss circus with two people starin' at them.

"She was the first to speak, but her voice was so low that I could scarcely hear:

"'Dick,' she breathes, and that was all.

"'Beautiful,' he whispers back to her, 'is it really you?'

"'Thank God!' she goes on, her voice risin' sort of wild-like. 'Thank God, I have found you at last!'

"'Alice,' he says, in a strange, husky voice, 'what do you mean?'

"'I mean that I was wrong to send you away—and that I want you to come home with me.'

"He looks at her for a long time without speakin'; then he whispers:

"'Alice, is it true? Do you really love me?'

"She stretches her arms out towards him.

"'Yes,' she says.

"He took one quick step towards her and then stops, his face white and set.

"'No,' he breathes, 'I can't—it's too late now.'

"'Too late?' she asks quickly, her eyes wide and frightened-like.

"'You forget what I am,' he goes on harshly, 'a mountebank, a gipsy, an outcast.'

"'Oh, I know,' she replies, 'I saw you out there in that cage with the lions, my heart. How it frightened me! But what does that matter? What does anything matter since we love each other? Must I plead further? Must I humble myself still more? Won't you come home with me?' And once again she held out her arms to him.

"His answer was to catch her and hold her close against his heart. Well, while they stood there clasped in each other's arms, I turned, and there was Bessie standin' beside me, her eyes heavy and her lips tremblin'.

"'Come,' she whispers to me. 'Let's leave them together.'

"So we stole out of the tent. Once outside, I started to say somethin' to comfort her, but I stopped and changed my mind. You see, there really is nothin' you can say to a woman in a case like that.

"I didn't see Dalton again until the time for his turn came that night. After the accident to poor Jim, I always went into the big top and watched the men set up the temporary cage for the act. I wanted to be sure that it was up good and tight, for if one of the beasts ever got out there would be a dreadful panic, and I would be put out of business.

"Besides, when the audience saw the proprietor takin' those kind of precautions, it made them all the more excited over the act, and we have to think about such tricks in the show business. I always carried a loaded pistol in my pocket, too. I didn't propose to have Dalton killed, even if it cost me a lion.

"Well, on this night that I'm tellin' you about, the cage was set up all right, and while I was walkin' round on the outside testin' it, Dalton made his entrance from the dressin'-room. As soon as he had bowed to the applause, he goes in the cage and crosses to where I was standin' on the other side of the steel fence.

"'Thompson,' says he, 'it's my last night with you. I'm goin' home to-morrow.'

"'All right,' says I. It was the only thing I could say. Even though I was pretty cut up about losin' him, I don't deny but what I was glad he had things straightened out.

"'Yes,' he goes on, 'this is my last turn with the lions—I've promised her.'

"'Where is she?' I asks him.

"He points over to the reserved seats.

"'Over there,' he answers, and I saw that he had caught her eye, for he smiled and bowed. Just as he done so, I heard a sharp exclamation.

"It was Bessie Laramie, who happened to be standin' near the cage—she always happened to be standin' near the cage when the time came for this act. Both of us knew what it meant. The men had brought the lion waggons up, and was lettin' the beasts into the cage. Like a flash, Dalton turned and faced them.

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"Well, they all come out quietly enough. They had been very quiet ever since Dalton took them over. His reckless darin' seemed to have them thoroughly cowed.

"Old Nero was the first of them to appear. As usual, he started to slink over to his place, but on the way he stopped and gave Dalton one quick, savage glance. He always did that, for, as I told you, those lions are always watchin' for their chance.

"Lately, whenever he'd given him that look, he'd make for his place faster than ever, but this night it was different, for he saw somethin' in the man's face that pleased him, and I—I was watchin' him very close—saw a fierce light come into his eyes. Then he went quietly on his way. But my heart turned sick in my body, for I knew, even though Dalton himself did not, what Nero had seen. It was the fear of death.

"She stretched out her hand to him. Without a word, he caught it in both his own and held it tight on his breast."

"The knowledge that that girl loved him made life sweet to him, and he was afraid, now, to lose it. The woman had made a coward of him, just like women have been making cowards of men since time began, and Nero knew it. I was certain that he meant to kill Dalton that night.

"The other lions went through their tricks all right—none of them were a bit unruly—but to me standin' outside there, it seemed as though they never would get done.

"At last Nero's turn came. He got down off the bench that he had been perched on very slowly when Dalton gave him the order, and instead of climbin' a ladder as he was supposed to do, he just stood lookin' at the trainer and lickin' his chops with that bright-red tongue of his. It made the shivers run all over me to watch him.

"Dalton didn't seem to understand what the matter was, and he gave him another sharp order and hit him across the flank with his whip. That didn't affect Nero the least little bit. He stood there, just as before, lookin' at the man and lickin' his chops.

"Then Dalton drew his steel bar and

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thrust it out at the beast, but instead of shrinkin' he hit at it with his paw, and, never takin' his eyes off the man's, took a step forward.

"Just one step forward he took and then stopped. Up to that minute Dalton hadn't realised what the matter was, but in a flash he understood. He was afraid—at last—and the lion knew that he was!

"God, how the blood sank from his face as the knowledge came to him!

"But he was game, and fought the best he knew how. For a long time he held his ground, lookin' straight at the beast, while the crowd sat there in a silence that was almost painful.

"It was just such a battle as the two had fought while Torval had lain between them helpless, and once more the man seemed to have won it. But just as I saw the light of victory come into his eyes, I heard the girl that was sitin' over there in the reserved seats scream with terror and cry out his name.

"Her voice echoed through the tent and brought his mind back to her, and I saw the light of victory fade from his face, while the pale shadow of fear crept over it.

"Nero saw it, too, and knew that his chance had come. Lithely and silently he sprang at the man, and before you could think, he was on him and had him down, and was standin' over him, looking down at his white, unconscious face, and lickin' his chops once more. For an instant we all watched that dreadful sight in terrified silence, then I saw the beast raise his cruel paw over the helpless man's face and heard a woman's shrill cry of terror.

"I grabbed my pistol from my pocket and fired—I can't tell you whether I took aim or not—but I hit the beast square in the eye, and with his paw still raised he fell over dead beside the man.

"But that didn't end the matter. The shot had made the other lions restive, and I saw that they were plannin' to jump on poor Dalton. But they never got a chance. Just as one of them was cautiously approaching him, I saw somebody dart into the cage.

"It was Bessie Laramie.

"She went straight up to the lion nearest him and struck it a blow with the ridin'-whip she was still carryin'. The beast took a look at her and slunk back—there wasn't no fear in her eyes—and when he had done so, she stoops down, and pickin' Dalton up in her arms she staggers out of the cage, with those beasts lookin' on and makin' no effort to stop her, and takes him to where his sweetheart was standin', wringin' her hands. She lays him down before her, and says, with a little sob:

"'Always remember that I brought him back safe—to you.'

"That's the end of the story, except that the feller went home to his folks and married the girl, and that I sold the lions to a zoo.

"About Bessie Laramie? Oh, she is still with the show.

"Yes, she did love him, all right, but love is different with women. It makes men cowards, but it makes women brave."

POOR CHARLES!

"Now, who came after Charles I.?"
The master cried in vain;
He ground his teeth with rage, and asked
The question once again.

"Now, who came after Charles I.?
By Jove! I'll warm your backs!
Well, Jones?" "Please, sir," the
youngster cried,
"The feller with the axe!"

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"She went straight up to the lion nearest him and struck it a blow with the ridin'-whip she was still carryin'."

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Jumps

A Description of Le Page's Extraordinary Jumping Feats.

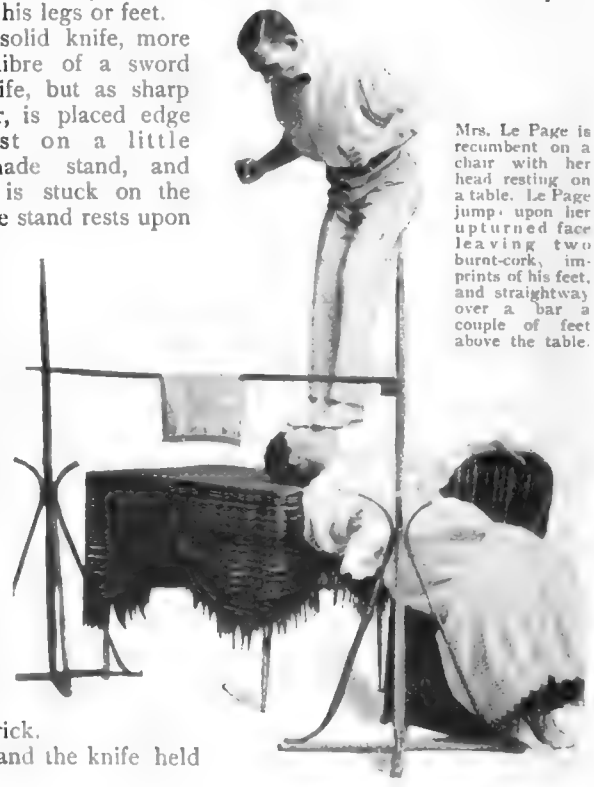
By Stanley White.

A very solid knife, as sharp as a razor, is placed edge uppermost on a stand, an apple fixed on the blade. The stand is placed on a chair, and Le Page cuts the apple by jumping on it, and then springs away over the 18 in. high chair back.

Le Page has acquired a phenomenal control over his nervous and muscular system. And it is in this phenomenal control that the secret of his sensational springs in mid-air is to be found. For Le Page can jump up several feet, allow his muscles to relax, and for a fraction of a second seem to rest in space. Then by a strong contraction of the muscles he gathers himself together, and makes a second jump from nothing, over a chair-back or some other obstacle.

It is by this power that he is enabled to perform his spectacular feats, all of which are exciting to watch, and some of them not a little dangerous. Should he make a mistake in his apple-cutting trick, for instance, the result could easily be the loss of his legs or feet.

A very solid knife, more of the calibre of a sword than a knife, but as sharp as a razor, is placed edge uppermost on a little specially-made stand, and an apple is stuck on the knife. The stand rests upon a wicker-work arm chair. Le Page jumps upon the apple, cuts it in half by the tiniest pressure of his foot, then springs away from the knife-blade over the chair-back, eighteen inches high. Should he falter for a second in his attempt to clear the chair-back he would fall upon the knife, with terrible results. Or a blunder, however slight, when making his first jump on to the apple, might prove equally costly.



Mrs. Le Page is recumbent on a chair with her head resting on a table. Le Page jumps upon her upturned face leaving two burnt-cork imprints of his feet, and straightway over a bar a couple of feet above the table.

Le Page is assisted in some of his feats by his wife, and her utter confidence in his nerve and skill enables her to do what few others could. Hers, in fact, is the chief danger in another variety of the apple-cutting trick.

The apple is placed on her head, and the knife held

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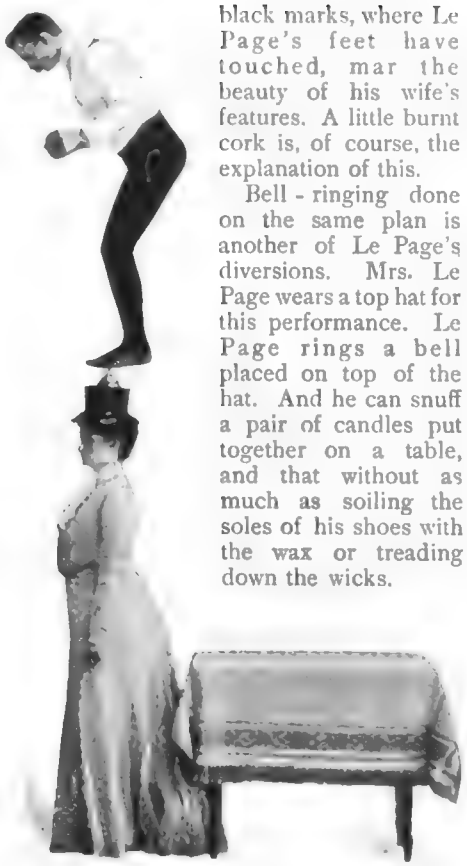
in her hands, blade downwards, touching the apple. Le Page jumps from the floor to a table, thence to the knife. The blade shears its way through the fruit, which falls apart in equal halves, but not a hair of the lady's head is harmed. Naturally, this is the most trying of all Le Page's daring adventures.

Mrs. Le Page is recumbent on a chair, with her head resting on a table. Le Page jumps upon her upturned face, and straightway over a bar overhanging the table by a couple of feet. In addition to rising over the bar, he clears half the width of the table, and drops lightly to the ground. Jumping on a woman's face sounds brutal, but this leap is more amusing than dangerous. Two black marks, where Le Page's feet have touched, mar the beauty of his wife's features. A little burnt cork is, of course, the explanation of this.

Bell-ringing done on the same plan is another of Le Page's diversions. Mrs. Le Page wears a top hat for this performance. Le Page rings a bell placed on top of the hat. And he can snuff a pair of candles put together on a table, and that without as much as soiling the soles of his shoes with the wax or treading down the wicks.

He can snuff a pair of candles put together on a table while leaping it, without even treading down the wicks.



Le Page, while jumping over her, rings a bell placed upon a tall hat worn by his wife.

His feats with barrels are quite another matter, but not less dexterous and extraordinary.

Mrs. Le Page, whose figure is not of the *petite*, but rather of the majestic type, stands inside a barrel placed on a couple of chairs. The barrel is just large enough to hold one person comfortably, and as a matter of fact Mrs. Le Page takes nearly all the room. Yet Le Page, jumping from the floor, manages to land himself alongside his wife inside the barrel, and, what is even more remarkable, cramped as his position must be, immediately springs out again backwards. The nicety of his judgment and the certainty of his skill are apparent when it is realised that the slightest awkwardness would naturally upset barrel, wife, chairs and all.

At pole-jumping he is adept, and it is by this means that he makes his sensational flight backwards through a barrel.

This feat is a dangerous one, and is only

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possible when someone of unflinching nerve is holding the barrel.

Mrs. Le Page, standing on a table, holds the barrel aloft in a horizontal position. Le Page takes a run of twenty-five feet at express speed, sticks the pole into a square of wood at an exact spot, and flies feet foremost through the barrel.

Two things are essential for the success of this astounding feat—the exact sticking point of the pole, and the absolute steadiness of the person holding the barrel.

Mrs. Le Page holds a barrel aloft in a horizontal position. Her husband takes a run of 25 feet, sticks a jumping pole into a square of wood on the ground, and flies through feet foremost.

Mrs. Le Page stands inside a barrel placed on a couple of chairs. Le Page, jumping from the floor, leaps in beside his wife and then out again.

Le Page once had a nasty accident while attempting his barrel pole-jump. His wife was not assisting him on this occasion, but an ordinary stage hand, who was so terrified by Le Page's ferocious approach with his iron-shod pole that he lowered the barrel, and the jumper crashed up against the sides, and was laid by for weeks as a consequence.

It is one thing to take a single high jump, and quite another to alight so softly on the other side that a series of further springs can be as lightly taken. To land feather-weight upon the feet is the fine art of jumping. Le Page found this when quite a boy, for jumping recklessly over a high wall one day, not knowing what was on the other side, he landed heavily on to some hard logs, and twisted his ankle so badly that he was laid up for some time.

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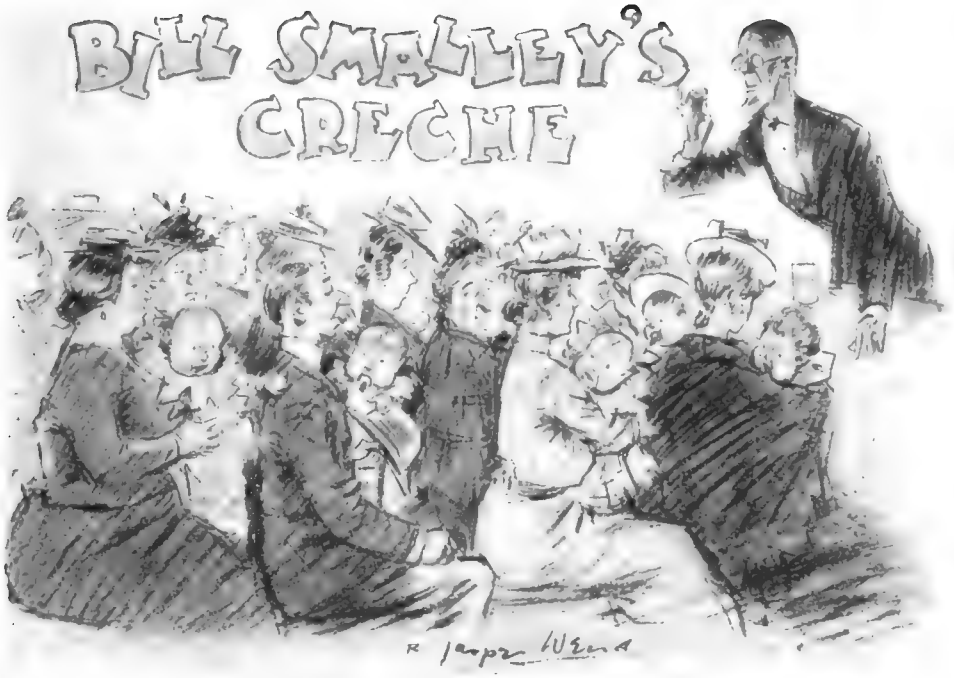

The Story of a Baby Show and Its Consequences.

By Brinsley Moore.

It was Luke Miles as first brought the noos, said the landlord. Luke 'ad suffered a many years with liver complaint, and 'ad spent a lot on doct'rin'; and when he 'eard as there was to be a course of 'Ealth Lectures down in Milltown, he thought as he'd go and 'ear them, as pr'aps he might get to know somethink as would be good for his inside.

But Luke was a absent sort o' man, and he never noticed till he got there as the first lecture was on the Care of Infants. He said as the room was full of women, and he didn't seem to pick up much information as was of use to him, except as he got the idea that his complaint was probably doo to improper feedin' when he was a baby; and he sat in this 'ere parlour when he got back and said things, first about his liver, and then about his mother, as didn't seem to me dootiful or respectable.

"Luke," I says, "we owe a lot to our mothers, and don't you forget it. I knowed your mother, and wot a struggle she 'ad. Where would you 'ave been without her, I should like to know?"

"Well," said Luke, "you should have 'eard wot was said about that to-day."

Then he repeated all he could remember. The lecturer had told them as 'undreds of children perished every year through their mothers' want of care, or ignorance. He said as even baby-pigs 'ad a much better chance of growin' up than Christian babies 'ad; and that if calves died off at the rate as children do, every farmer in the land would be ruined.

After he'd done, Luke said, the Mare of Milltown, wot was in the chair, got up and remarked as it was a very serious state of affairs, and somethink ought to be done. He said that, as an incouragement, he would offer prizes for the biggest and 'ealthiest children wot should have reached the age of six months durin' the time as he was Mare—the competition to take place in the following October, and to be open to any child born within a circle of ten miles round Milltown.

Well, we all laughed a bit at the notion of a Baby Show—it bein' a noo idea in these parts—except Bill Smalley, and he took it serious, especially when he 'eard as the first prize was to be ten pounds.

Bill was a shoemaker by trade, wot 'ad a little shop in the village; but he didn't do much with it, owin' to the small popilation,

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and he lived chiefly by his pigs. His wife 'ad just 'ad her first baby about a month before—a little, white-faced thing, as didn't promise to cut much of a figger at a show; but Bill said as there was plenty of time, and as a man wot 'ad 'ad his experience at fattenin' pigs could do a good deal in six months.

Now, I don't know 'ow he did it, but the change in that there baby was simply a marvel. Every week it got bigger an' fatter, till at last you could 'ardly see its little eyes; and its legs—well, they was a picture.

Just about the end of August, Bill Smalley got a offer of work at a big factory in London, and, bein' a good thing, everybody thought as he ought to go. But Bill hisself was so bent on gettin' that first prize as he reely 'esitated about it, till he found out as it would be all right—the baby, 'aving bin born in the distric', would still be illegible for the Show if they brought him down on the day as it was to be 'eld. So on that understandin' the Smalleys packed up and went.

Ever bin to a Baby Show? No? Well, I don't think much of the idea myself. Of course *I* 'ad to go, 'cause it seems silly-like for a landlord to 'ave to sit silent in his own bar while his customers is all a-talkin' of somethink wot he 'asn't seen. But *as* a show, give me cattle, or even dogs.

It was 'eld in October in the Corn Exchange down at Milltown, and there was a fine muster o' babies. But, lor! the row they kicked up made you glad to 'urry round and get out agen as quick as possible.

Then there was a lot of discontent about the prizes; all as didn't win them was jealous of the three that did; and the Mare, though he meant well, found hisself very unpop'lar. There was a muddle, too, about some of the babies as got mixed up owin' to their labels a-slippin' off while they was bein' weighed; and Mrs. Newey from the mill, wot sent in a girl, came back with a boy, and owin' to catarac' in both eyes didn't find it out till she got 'ome.

It took three days to set that right, as the other people, wot 'ad her baby, 'ad gone with their relations to Liverpool. I *'ave* thought as there was other mistakes as well; Jones' lad ain't a-growin' up at all as you would expect in one of their family, and the boy as the Cleggs is bringin' up as their grandson has got Jones' nose as plain as can be, allowin' for the difference in age.

But the most astonishin' thing about that 'ere Show was as Bill Smalley's baby wasn't there at all, although a few days before he 'ad wrote to enter his name, and sent his birth certificate. We couldn't understand it a bit, and for a long time it was a myst'ry to everybody. It was only by degrees as I got to know the truth, which I'm tellin' you now.

Wot 'ad reely 'appened was this: Bill and his wife got to London all right, and settled down comfortable in lodgin's. But whether it was the change of h'air as didn't soot the child, or because Bill couldn't get the proper food as 'ad fattened 'im, I don't know, but any'ow, from the very day as they got there, the baby began to lose flesh and shrink up. He got thinner and thinner, till at last the doctor as was called in said as he must be took into the country at once if they wanted to keep even the bit as was left of him; so Mrs. Smalley went off with him to stop with her mother near Croydon, and they 'ad to give up all 'opes of gettin' the prize.

Bill was very much put out over this; and just about a week afore the date of the Show, he was tellin' a mate wot worked with him all about it, and how disapp'inted he was. The man as he told was one of them sharp London chaps, wot knows the way about and 'ow to work things; and he says at once to Bill:

"Why don't you send a substitoot? Babies o' that age is all much alike, and nobody'll know the difference. You jest borrer a sootible baby, and take it down without sayin' nothin' to nobody. That's what *I* should do. A ten pound prize ain't a thing to let go without makin' a effort."

He said as he'd 'ave bin glad to lend Bill his own baby for a couple o' days for a small consideration, only it was bad jest then with measles, and he didn't think it would be right to introjuce it into the Show.

But he was sure as a notice to the *Evenin' Noos* would bring up any number of people with babies wot would do. And then he 'elped Bill to draw up a advertisement wot said as a aged couple in good society in the country was desirous to adopt a 'ealthy male child about one year old, as must be the biggest and 'eaviest as could be found. Applications was to attend with their babies on the follerin' Saturday at three o'clock at the address where Bill lodged.

Bill thought as all this was very clever, because, as you see, he didn't mean to adopt the child at all, but only to borrer it for a day or two on approval, and then return it an' say it was not sootible. He explained to the woman where he lodged as he was expectin' some relations to call, and arst her to see as his room was ready.

Well, on the Saturday he got his weekly shave

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On the Saturday he got his weekly shave earlier than usual, and dressed hisself up in his best clothes . . . and, sure enough, on the very stroke of three o'clock, six women, each with a remarkable fine baby, was shown into his room.

earlier than usual, and dressed hisself up in his best clothes, to make a fav'rable impression; and, sure enough, on the very stroke of three o'clock, six women, each with a remarkable fine baby, was shown into his room.

Bill tried to talk as respectable as he could, and explained as he was only a agent in the matter. He said as he was actin' for some old friends in the country, wot was very well off, and 'ad a lovely 'ouse, but was troubled as they 'ad no offspring to share their joys, and was willin' to adopt a sootible child. He guaranteed as the one as was lucky enough to be chosen would 'ave a 'appy 'ome, and he was only sorry that some of them must be disapp'inted, as he could only select one.

Then he explained as the old people was very anxious to get a big, 'ealthy baby, and it would be chiefly settled by weight; the child wot was 'eaviest would be chosen, and he would take that one down for a couple of days for his friends to see if it would do.

They all agreed very ready to this—indeed, Bill said afterwards as he had never met such a reasonable, agreein' set of females; the only thing was as they all wanted to speak at once, and each of them said as her baby was the biggest and the best.

They was all very fine children, if you could believe the ages as they gave; and when Bill got the big scales wot he 'ad borrered from the greengrocer at the corner for the purpose, he found as there was very little to choose between them. Then all at once it struck him as they reely ought to be weighed without their clothes; and as he didn't think it 'ud be perlite to do it afore all those women, he arst them if they would leave the children with him for half-an-hour, so as he could consult his wife afore makin' his final decision.

Only one woman objected, and she wanted to wait with her baby; but the others whispered somethink to her, and she said it would be all right, and went off with the rest.

When they was gone, Bill locked the door, and then he undressed each child, and weighed him properly. It wasn't easy work to a man as was not used to it; and gettin' the

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things on agen was more trouble than he had expected—indeed, the one wot he 'ad decided to select was very nearly choked by a string as got knotted round its little throat.

The babies cried, one against the other, all the time he was a-strugglin' with them; and, in the middle of the business, Mrs. Brown as kep' the lodgin's came up to see wot it was all about. She made such a to-do because the door was locked that Bill 'ad to let her in, to stop her sendin' for the p'leece; and she was mighty astonished, as you may guess, when she did get in, and found him alone with six babies, and two of them only 'alf-dressed.

He 'ad to make up a story as he thought as their clothin' was too tight, and that he was tryin' to loosen them; but she didn't seem to believe him.

"Drat the man!" she says, snatchin' one of the babies out of his 'ands; "wotever is he up to? No wonder they're a-screamin', tied up as you've done them! Your relations must be a funny set of people to leave a loonatic like you alone with these pore innercents. Why couldn't you let them be?"

Then she explained as the things he'd tied round their necks was really meant for their legs, and wot he called their "toonics" was under-vests as ought to have gone on next the skin. Bein' a woman, it didn't take her long to put it all right, and she soon 'ad them properly dressed, and in a row on the sofy. Then she left him to watch as they didn't roll off till their mothers came back.

That was four o'clock, and he waited till five. But no mothers came back to claim their babies. Then he began to think as there might 'ave been some misunderstandin', and he got the landlady's daughter to come up and mind the children while he went down to look round for the women.

He was a bit uneasy, as he couldn't see no sign of them in the street below, and was just arrangin' with a boy to go round to their 'ouses to remind them, when he remembered for the first time as he didn't know where any of them lived. Then he stood at his door for nigh on two hours in case they 'ad forgotten his number, and might be askin' for him at wrong houses, until about sevin o'clock, when he thought he 'ad better take Mrs. Brown's advice, an' go round to the nearest p'leece-station.

Now Bill wasn't, at the best o' times, wot you and me would call a smart chap, and all this 'ad rather muddled up wot brains he 'ad; but as he went along he saw pretty plain as it wouldn't do to say anythink about the Baby Show, as it might get him into trouble for tryin' to cheat; so he simply said as he'd found some children deserted on door-steps, and arst as the p'leece would send round for them at once.

The inspector put a lot of questions as to where he 'ad found them, and called in the constable wot was on that beat. But the constable looked at Bill very 'ard, and said as he 'adn't noticed anythink of the sort on his rounds, and he didn't think it was true. And when they arst Bill 'ow many babies there was, and he told them six, and all under a year old, they expressed an opinion as he must 'ave been drinkin', and advised him to go 'ome quietly and sleep it off.

Bill was very indignant at that, and said he had been a teetot'ler from birth; and he got so excited about this that after a bit they changed their minds about him, and sent for the medickle officer. He was a nice sort of old gentleman, and he seemed so sympathisin' and kind that Bill nearly told him the 'ole story; but when he began askin' him if he'd ever 'ad fits, and which of his relations was in asylums, Bill got frightened about his future prospicts, and was very glad to slip out while they was consultin' about him, and run off 'ome the longest way round. He was very thankful to reckerlect as in the 'urry he 'adn't told them his address; and he took partic'ler care to make sure as he wasn't follered.

Well, when he got back to his lodgin's, it was gettin' too late to do anythink more that night; so he arst Mrs. Brown to lend him some cushi'ns and pillers, and tried his best to make them infants as comfortable as he could. But lor', bless you! a man left to hisself is a pore 'and with a baby—and with six all at once, I guess as he's nowhere. Bill used to say as he wouldn't go through another night like that for fifty pound. As fast as he got one of them to sleep the others began to scream and woke it up. He must 'ave walked miles up and down that room, tryin' to quiet first one and then the other; and it only shows wot a patient man he was as he didn't strangle the lot!

But do wot he would, they kep' on cryin' the 'ole night through—sometimes in solos, and then in chorus; and in the mornin' Mrs. Brown came in early, and said as nobody in the 'ouse 'ad been able to get a wink of sleep all night, and that he and his babies must clear out at once. She said as she 'ad let the lodgin's to him as a respectable married man with a small fam'ly, and never anticipated this; and she went on to make such nasty

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remarks about the character of people wot is visited, in the absence of their lawful wives, by six females with babies, that Bill got very indignant, and said as he wouldn't stop another day on no consideration wotever.

After breakfast he wanted Eliza Brown to look after the children while he went to get noo lodgin's; but she said as she'd 'ad enough of his babies yesterday to satisfy her for the present — and, wot was more, bein' Sunday, she was a-goin' out with her young man. So he 'ad to go round and engage a monthly nurse wot lived in the next street to come and take care of them while he was away.

Bill tramped about London all that blessed Sabbath mornin' tryin' to find lodgin's where they would take him in; but everybody as he called on raised objections at once directly he mentioned the number of children he was a-goin' to bring with him.

There *was* one old lady as said she thought she could do with them on condition as the six children was kep' reg'lar at school and played in the streets at nights; but when he told her as they was all infants-in-arms, she said as she'd 'eard of this baby-farmin' business, and wouldn't be mixed up in it on no account wotever.

"Hullo!" said a voice close behind him; "so you're still collectin' 'em, are yer?"

By dinner-time pore Bill was just about at his wits' end, and was a-arguin' with hisself whether he would jump into the Thames or bolt to Ameriky, when all at once a noo idea came to him as filled him with 'ope, and made him wonder as he 'adn't thought of it afore.

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He went straight back to his lodgin's and told Mrs. Brown as it was all 'appily settled; he'd found six kind fam'lies wot was goin' to adopt the babies, and he was to take each of them to their noo 'omes that very night.

I don't think as Mrs. Brown reely believed him; but at last she consented to let them stop till night on the definite understandin' as by ten o'clock prompt they was all to clear out without fail.

Well, as soon as it was dark, Bill wrapped up one of the babies in a shawl, and took it off with him. He searched for a nice, quiet street, and chose a big 'ouse wot looked as if kind-'earted people lived in it, and put the baby on the top step agen the 'all door. His plan was, you see, to leave it for somebody else to adopt; but jest as he was turnin' away the child began to cry so vig'rous that he thought as someone might 'ear it afore he could get off, so he went back to the door and picked it up agen.

"Hullo!" said a voice close behind him; "so you're still collectin' 'em, are yer?"

And turnin' round he found as the very p'leeceman wot he 'ad seen at the station the night afore 'ad follered him up the steps. He was that astonished that he almost dropt the baby—and the p'leeceman seemed quite as surprised as he was.

"I 'eard it cryin'," says Bill," so I came to fetch it."

"Well, I'm jiggered," says the p'leeceman; "I've seen a many rum 'uns in my time, but you beat 'em all. Why, you'll collect all the babies in London if you go on at this rate—one to-night, and six last night. I suppose as it was reely *true* wot you told us about them others?"

"True as gospil, only you wouldn't believe it," says Bill. "They're at my lodgin's."

"Well, I tell yer wot it is, gov'nor," says the p'leeceman, "you've got a kind 'eart, but I can't say as much for your 'ead. It ain't the sort o' thing as you can keep up, you know—you'd better leave it to us and Barnardo's. Any'ow, *I'll* take this one, as I found it almost as soon as you did; and while I'm about it, I think as I'd better 'ave a look at that other show o' yours and see wot ought to be done."

Bill was overjoyed to 'ear this. He began to think as he was near the end of his troubles, and showed the p'leeceman the nearest way to his lodgin's.

The p'leeceman, bein' a family man hisself, was very interested when Bill took him in and showed him the babies; and he said as it was reel kind of Bill to 'ave made them so comfortable. Then he began to count 'em.

"Two, four, five—and this fresh one as we've jest brought in makes six. Where's the other one?" he asks.

"Wot other one?" says Bill. "There isn't any more."

"Why," says the p'leeceman very stern "you told us larst night as you'd got six, and I seed you myself find another this evenin'—that makes sevin."

Bill felt as he was in a tight corner; but he'd got so used to inventions as it seemed to come natchrel to him now.

"Oh," he says, "there was one as died in the night—of scarlet fever—very sudden."

"Let me see it," says the constable.

"You can't," says Bill, after a pause while he was thinkin' very 'ard. "I buried it at once in the back gardin. For fear the others might catch it, you know."

"Then you'll 'ave to come along with me," says the p'leeceman. "There's no lor as I know on agenst your collectin' deserted children, if that's your 'obby; but it certingly ain't legal to go a-buryin' them in back gardins without medickle certificates. I'll send round," says he, "for these other babies to be took to the work'us; but we shall want you on a charge of Concealment o' Death—even if it don't turn out as it's somethink worse."

* * * * *

Punished? said the landlord, as he came back after serving a customer in the bar. No, I can't say as he was—at least, not in the way as you mean. I think he reely got off because the p'leece couldn't find an illegal name for any of the silly things as he 'ad bin up to.

He called Mrs. Brown and her daughter as witnesses for six as the right number, and as the 'ouse where he lodged 'adn't got a gardin at all, the magistrate said as the charge broke down; but he couldn't understand at all why Bill 'ad bin tellin' such a lot of lies, and ordered as a eye must be kep' on him for the future. They locked him up for two days till they could fetch his wife from Croydon to take charge of him, and they told her to be very careful what he did, as there was evidently something wrong with his 'ead.

And his punishment was as his wife thought so, too, and took all his explanations as part of his delusions; the only thing as she reely did believe in the 'ole story was wot Mrs. Brown told her about those six women and their babies.

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SURVIVORS' TALES OF GREAT EVENTS

Mr. G. Rose.

No. XXXVIII.—THE NEW ZEALAND WAR.

From the Narrative of Mr. George Rose, late 65th Regiment.

As Told to Walter Wood.

The Maori Rebellion in New Zealand, arising from disputes respecting the sale of land, broke out in 1860 and ended in a year with the surrender of the natives; but the insurrection started afresh in 1863, and was not finally crushed until 1866. The war was characterised by great courage and barbarism on the part of the Maori people, and remarkable for the heroism of their women, who fought with desperate bravery side by side with the warriors, and by many acts of valour on the part of British officers and men. Although only a small force was employed, yet no fewer than fifteen Victoria Crosses were awarded. Mr. George Rose, who tells this story, served in the 65th Foot, which is now the 2nd Battalion of the York and Lancaster Regiment, and which saw some of the hardest service in the campaign.

In the sixties it was a far cry to New Zealand, especially for the soldier who had to get there by sailing ship. And news did not travel very quickly either, but fast enough for us who were in the Army to know that our comrades twelve thousand miles distant were not having it all their own way with the Maoris—especially the Maori women. It seems strange to have to consider women in relation to a war; but I think my clearest recollection of New Zealand forty years ago is in association with its dusky belles.

I had seen many drafts go, and at last, in 1863, when the rebellion was at its height again, I sailed from Cork. In ninety-six days I landed at Auckland, in the North Island. I gloried in the change from salt water to dry land. Besides, there was the excitement of the unknown to keep me going, the attractions of a country about whose people and marvels I had been told so much.

I had heard a great deal about the Maori women, and had been, I fancy, something of a doubting Thomas, because the stories were so singular; but I was soon to find that they were not exaggerated. Many a soldier in those days, I fancy, had his curiosity whetted because of what he was told concerning the dusky and alluring ladies of New Zealand.

From first to last the war was essentially a campaign in the bush, and the most nerve-racking sort of fighting you could have. The vegetation was wonderfully luxuriant, the ferns growing to an enormous height. There were what are called tea-trees, too, bushes which, with the dense ferns, made perfect cover for the Maoris, so that we were everlastingly expecting to be attacked, always apprehensive of a swift and overwhelming swoop from the bush. The natives swarmed, and more often than not the first tidings we had of their presence was when we saw the gleam of their spears and tomahawks and heard the ping of their bullets amongst us. You could not see them until they fell upon you in a mob. Then it was mostly a case of which side could do the most with steel—ourselves with the bayonet and the Maoris with those deadly weapons which they handled with such marvellous skill and quickness.

The war had broken out afresh in a very dramatic way. Two British officers were seen by an escort to be in danger of massacre by Maoris. The escort—it consisted of only half-a-dozen men of the 57th Regiment, with a prisoner—hurried up to support the officers, but the whole party was fired on

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by the natives, who were hidden behind a bank, and all were shot or tomahawked except one man, a private, who escaped into the bush, wounded, and hid there till he was rescued by a relief party.

That was the sort of thing the Maoris did, and they were just as swift and merciless in dealing with individuals as they were in tackling these small, isolated bodies. They went in for the sniping with which in these days British soldiers are so familiar, and often enough a sentry would find a Maori trying to brain him and steal his rifle. There was one instance of a native stealthily attacking a British sentry on his post. While he tried to tomahawk the soldier with one hand he attempted with the other to snatch his rifle; but Tommy was too much for him, and he stuck to his weapon and preserved his life. But he had a thumb cut off, and the worst of it was that the Maori slipped back into the bush and wasn't hurt at all over the business.

Now these are the incidents to make you keep your eyes skinned, so to speak, and however young a soldier was he kept very wide awake, and often enough felt a creeping of the scalp. It was my luck, very soon after landing, to be in at one of the most desperate affairs of the campaign.

I had marched from Auckland into very rugged and dangerous country, and had got as far as a post which had been named Cameron Town, on the Waikato River. Commissariat supplies had been taken by friendly natives to Cameron Town and stored there, but the enemy rushed the place, captured it, murdered a district magistrate, and fired the post.

When this lurid little affair was in progress we were at a place called Tuakau, a few miles up the river, but near enough to enable us to see what was happening. Captain Swift, of my regiment, one of the best and bravest of officers, instantly determined to set out for the post and support the friendly natives, and, before we quite knew what was happening, the captain was marching off with a mixed little band, with Lieutenant Butler of my own company, and a splendid non-commissioned officer named Edward Mackenna.

Through an almost impenetrable bush, across some eight miles of the hardest country you could wish to see, we forced our way to Cameron Town, and at last got to the very spot where the triumphant Maoris were assembled. This was a little open space, and it seemed as if we fairly had them at our mercy. At any rate, Captain Swift must have thought so, for he ordered us to charge in amongst them after giving them a volley.

Nowadays it is hard to believe that the firing of a volley could be such a slow business as it was in the New Zealand war. It was a case of biting a cartridge, ramming it home, getting the bullet in after it, and putting a cap on before you could take aim and fire. Even then the cap might miss fire, or your bullet would go wide of its target. Before you could load again you would be in the thick of the spears and tomahawks.

"Let's go for them!" shouted Captain Swift, and we dashed upon the Maoris with wild cheers.

There was a blaze of fire from the clearing and the whizzing of bullets amongst us, and the captain fell, mortally wounded, almost as soon as he had shouted to us to charge the enemy.

Instantly Captain Swift directed the lieutenant to take command, and the subaltern obeyed; but just as he was leading us he also fell, shot in the body. He went down, but before he collapsed he killed two Maoris with his revolver.

We were in a desperate plight. Fifty strong when we started, we had been reduced to about thirty fighting men in a few minutes. A dozen members of the party had got adrift in the bush and could not regain us, and already several men were employed in removing the wounded, because we dared not leave them to the mercy of the Maoris. The enemy fought most bravely; not only the men, but the women too, for I saw to my amazement that the women were sharing in the war with their husbands and brothers, as I took them to be.

We knew that our captain was shot, and that there could be only a slight hope of his recovery, yet there was not one amongst us who thought of leaving him in such a place to such a foe. John Ryan, a lance-corporal, one of our most splendid fellows, and two privates, named Bulford and Talbot, took charge of Captain Swift, and in defiance of the bullets, spears, and tomahawks, caring nothing for the hordes of Maoris who swarmed around them, they removed him to the shelter of the bush, and for the time being the enemy lost sight of them.

Meanwhile, we were soldiers without an officer, wanderers, almost, without a leader. It was the time when a non-commissioned officer has the chance to show the sort of stuff he is made of.

Mackenna saw his opportunity. His

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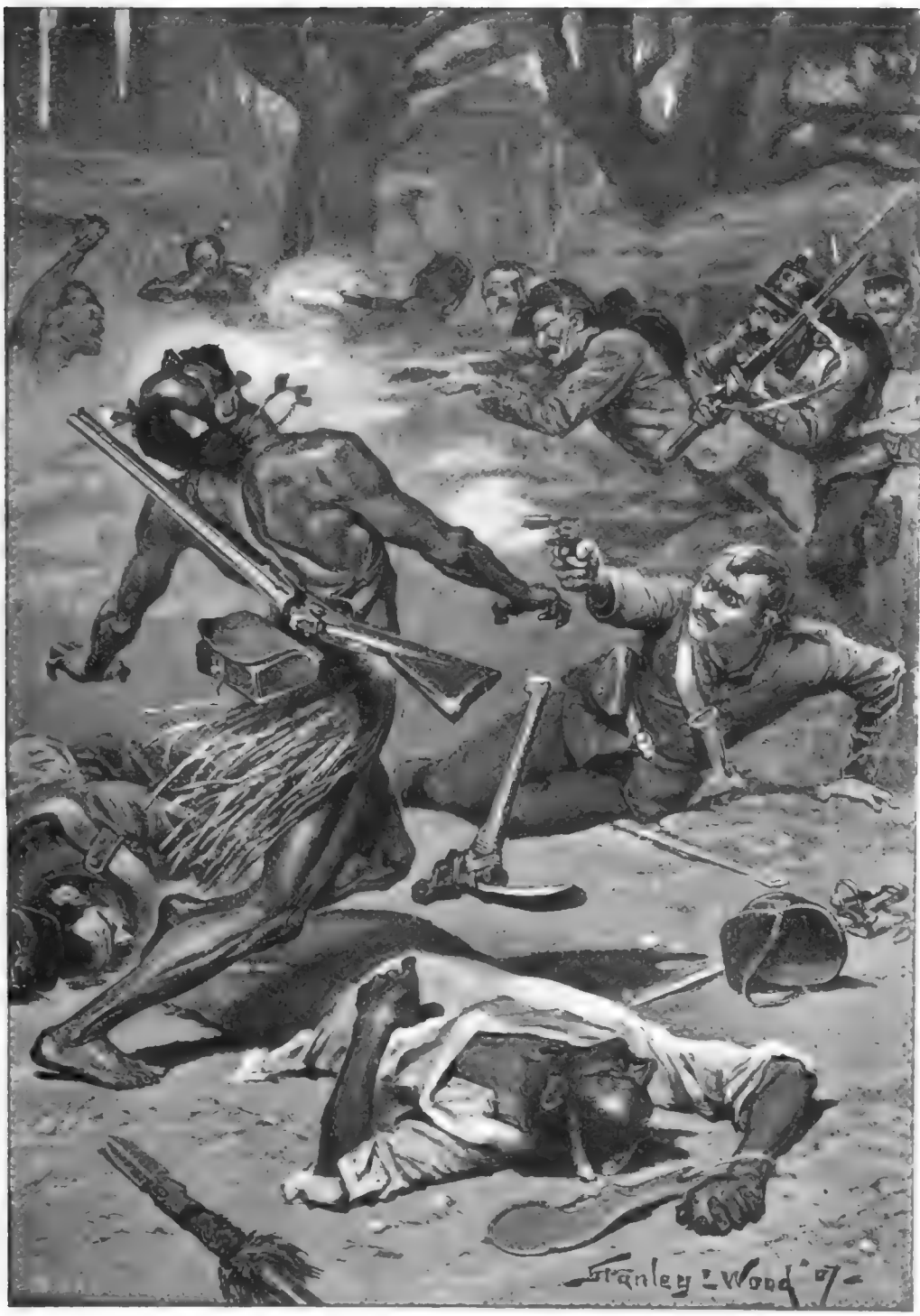

He went down, but before he collapsed he killed two Maoris with his revolver.

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captain had fallen, the subaltern, too, was out of action. The colour-sergeant dashed to the front of us. With all the valour and resourcefulness of a born leader, he hurled us against the strongest part of the enemy's position, and, inspired by his example, we fought our way from the spot where we had been so suddenly ambushed and so nearly annihilated. We found shelter in the bush, and the welcome night came and gave us protection from the Maoris until reinforcements arrived and we were relieved. That night in the bush was the longest and most anxious of all the hard and trying nights I have ever spent.

Throughout the night Ryan, Bulford, and Talbot remained by the side of their captain, refusing to leave him, although it was clear enough now that he was mortally wounded. It was a noble act, and rightly enough Ryan got the Victoria Cross for it, while his comrades received the Distinguished Conduct Medal. The Cross was also awarded to Mackenna, and I do not think it was ever more deservedly given. It was hard on Ryan that he did not live very long to enjoy his honour. Before the war was ended he lost his life, again in trying to save another; but this time there was not the excitement of battle to encourage him. We were crossing a river by means of a bridge of boats, and Ryan was drowned while attempting to save a man who had fallen into the water.

Captain Swift was got into hospital, where he died. I believe that the two men who were killed were never found.

There were during the war some wonderful displays of valour, and none more noticeable than that by Sergeant John Murray of the 68th Regiment, which is now the Durham Light Infantry. Experience had made the Maoris very artful in fighting. They saw, just as more civilised people see, that it is no good to waste the lives of warriors; and although they did not shrink from battle in the open, still they recognised that it was well to get as much protection as possible. For this reason they constructed rifle-pits, and it was in these dug-out places that many a fierce encounter happened. The pits had to be stormed and the natives routed out of them.

One day—it was on June 21st, 1864—a position was being stormed at Tauranga, which is in Auckland, on the shore of the Bay of Plenty. Murray was one of the stormers, and he performed the extraordinary feat of tackling, single-handed, a rifle-pit in which ten men were sheltering and firing. He took the little affair entirely on himself; and when he had finished he had either killed or wounded every Maori in the pit. Most men would have been satisfied with such an achievement, but the sergeant dashed ahead, and did not rest until he had settled several more of the enemy with his bayonet.

The Maoris were splendid specimens of humanity, and grand fighters, too. They had their own methods of warfare, and I suppose you cannot blame them for campaigning according to their lights; but their ways were not always our ways, and it was an ill thing to fall into their hands, living or dead. Their firearms were bad enough; the old muzzle-loaders and the flint-locks made terrible wounds, and both these weapons were used in New Zealand. But the spears and the tomahawks were infinitely worse than the muskets, and some dreadful wounds were inflicted with them.

The most remarkable thing about our enemies was that they were women as well as men; and I assure you that there was hardly a soldier amongst us who did not prefer fighting the men to the women. Somehow, when a woman is roused, she is such a desperate and irreconcilable creature; and the Maoris were no exception. The women could handle the tomahawk just as skilfully as the men. I saw many a fine Maori dead on the field of battle; and sad though it was to see our brave male enemies stretched lifeless under their beautiful sky, it was far more distressing to come across their women-folk. I was always badly upset when I saw such spectacles.

Ah, those Maori women! How frequently I think of them! Often enough, in our marches and foragings, we would come unexpectedly across them—handsome creatures they were, with the scantiest of coverings, and with such beautiful eyes, and teeth, and skins. It was always a delight to see them, except when they had their tomahawks. We would suddenly find ourselves near the native dwellings, "warris" we called them, and discover perhaps forty Maoris in each warri—Maoris of all ages and both sexes, the men as scantily clothed as the women, with nothing more than a loin-cloth. They looked very much like Hindoos, but were far finer specimens.

The women were very wild. Almost invariably, when they saw us on the march, they would run away as fast as their legs would carry them, anxious only to put the biggest distance between themselves and us; but in time of battle it was very different, for then

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Murray perform d the extraordinary feat of tackling, single-handed, a rifle-pit in which ten men were sheltering. He either killed or wounded every Maori in the pit.

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they were perfect fiends, and all they wanted was to get near enough to ply their tomahawks. I tell you, some of the most quaking moments I spent in New Zealand came when these Amazons were unpleasantly close to me in scrimmages. Some of my saddest hours were those which followed seeing them lifeless on the ground which they loved so well, and which they had perished in defending. Would not many Englishwomen do the same to keep their own beloved country out of the clutches of an enemy?

I got to know the Waikato River well. The affair at Cameron Town was enough to impress its recollection on my mind; but there were harder, brisker times in store, for at Rangariri, a Maori settlement on the bank of the river, we were to fight one of the most stubborn battles of the war. Rangariri is the native word for "angry heavens," and it is a very appropriate description, too, the district having as one of its famous features the active volcano, Tongariro. The enemy was in force at Rangariri, and General Cameron determined to attack him and rout him out.

Rugged country, dense bush, swampy ground, and a fine flowing river—these were some of the natural advantages which the Maoris enjoyed, and of which they made the best use in defending themselves against our assault. It was to be a storming business, and to the 65th was to fall some of the hottest of the work. Scaling-ladders and planks were served out to us, and I was chosen to be one of the stormers. We were a mixed force, of course, amongst us being men of the Royal Navy and the Royal Engineers.

The enemy had made himself snug in a very strong square redoubt. Before you could reach the redoubt you had to cross a ditch a dozen feet wide, and then swarm up a parapet nearly twenty feet high. The redoubt was a sort of surprise-box, and we knew a good deal more about it at the finish than we knew at the start.

Our guns, both on land and afloat—two gunboats were in the river—paved the way for the advance by shelling, but although for the best part of two hours there was a heavy fire from the artillery, there did not seem to be any great impression made on the enemy's position.

It was getting late, and the officer commanding saw clearly enough that if we were to do our work before darkness came we must get ahead with it. So the order to assault was given, and with ringing cheers we swept on, always remembering that the sooner we got to the redoubt the better it would be for us. Even the most valiant soldier fights none the worse for a bit of shelter.

We were met with a furious fire. Some of the skirmishers and ladder party fell, and the bullets found their way amongst the supports, too. Still, we swept on with our planks and ladders, rushing for the ditch.

How we got across the ditch I cannot tell you, nor have I any clear recollection of the means we adopted to climb the sides of the redoubt; but the way to do it was to plant our planks and ladders and struggle up as best we could, and that is what we did. I do know that the fire seemed terrific, and that officers and men went down under it, and I do remember that we had a desperate task to drive the Maoris out of the redoubt and rifle-pits.

We fought in the waning light, struggled till darkness fell—then we had to stop for the time being; but we had good reason to be satisfied. Although we were not perfect masters of the place, still we held the most important positions, and the first thing in the morning our victory was made complete by the surrender of the enemy.

So it happened that when we should have been killing and maiming each other again we were hobnobbing, and the Maoris were swearing eternal friendship for us. But there was not a chance for all of us to be so amiable, for our dead had to be buried and our wounded carried on board the steamers in the river; while the Maoris had their own dead to dispose of, and their wounded to succour. It was the invariable custom in the war for each side to deal with its own dead.

Considering the smallness of the force engaged we had lost heavily, four of our officers having been killed and eleven wounded; while thirty-seven men were killed and eighty wounded. What the Maori loss was I do not know, and I do not think it was ever ascertained; but a good many of their dead were buried, and in fleeing across the swamps to escape more were either drowned or shot.

An extraordinary thing about the affair was that we did not come across any wounded Maoris, and we could only suppose that under cover of the night they had been removed.

The fight produced its heroes, none greater than the man who did as much as any, and yet was not to see the fruits of his success. This was Captain Mercer, who led the Royal Artillery in the assault which they made with sword and revolver. He was heading an

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attack on the redoubt when he was shot through the face and mortally wounded. Capt. Mercer, like the other officers and men, was in an exposed position, and a heavy fire was being turned upon them. It was almost certain death to try to help them, and time after time men who tried to reach them were either killed or wounded. Lieutenant Pickard, of the Artillery, and Assistant-Surgeon Temple managed at last to reach the wounded, but not before a little opening in the redoubt, through which the Maoris kept up a deadly fire had been masked with planks and earth. The subaltern repeatedly crossed the fire-swept zone to get water for the wounded, and it is a remarkable fact that in spite of the danger he ran he was the only rescuer who was not killed or wounded.

Both he and Surgeon Temple got the Victoria Cross. Captain Mercer could not be saved. He was dying fast in the very hour of victory. Shot through the tongue and jaw he could not speak, but he was conscious, and when they sent for his wife to see him—those were the days when often enough women went almost on to the battle-field with us, which is a mistake—he scribbled a farewell note to her in pencil. This was one of the saddest incidents that I remember in connection with a war that had many distressing features.

Glorious climate, splendid country, fine men, and handsome and attractive women—there were many things to cause the war to remain in one's memory. How often since those far-off days have I wished that Fate had been as good to me as it was to some of our fellows, men who could see ahead a bit and recognise the possibilities of the colony. And men, too, who by some means discovered that the Maori belles had comfortable little fortunes, and were not always likely to look with the eye of disfavour on the white man.

As a matter of fact, not a few of the British soldiers were very powerfully affected by the spirit and alluring qualities of the Maori women, and when the war was over they took their discharges and settled in New Zealand, with former enemies as wives. And very good wives they made, too, I believe. That, at any rate, was more natural and agreeable than having the poor creatures unprotected in front of your terrible musket bullets, and lying wide-eyed under the blue heavens which they could not see.

It is astonishing to notice how careless we become when we are constantly confronting danger. It is, indeed, a case of familiarity breeding contempt. You might suppose that having been so long in New Zealand, fighting against cruel and crafty savages, I should have been everlastingly on the alert, especially when I remembered their practices towards our dead and wounded; yet the very commonness of peril made me reckless, and that recklessness brought me as near to my death as ever I have been in all my life.

There had been a skirmish—one of the brushes with the enemy which were so common that I cannot recall exactly where this took place. But it was the same old story of losses on both sides, and the hoisting of the white flag to proclaim a truce, during which the fallen could be buried. I and a few comrades were told off to bury our dead, and we went towards the spot where our own poor fellows lay. A handful of Maoris were there, with their tomahawks, and just in front of them was a chief.

By this time some of our soldiers had picked up a few words of the native language, not many, but enough to make themselves understood to the Maori men, and perhaps pay a compliment or two to the women. The British soldier then was just as ready as he is now to bid his mortal enemy good day, and when we got up to the chief we noticed that he did not look very well.

"What's the matter with you?" cried one or two of our men as well as they could.

The chief looked as if he might have had a pain in the region where his waistcoat would have been, if he had worn one, and answered: "Too much the matty, matty."

Exactly what he meant I do not know, but while I was laughing at the question and the chief's way of answering, I heard a loud shout of warning.

"Look out, George! Look out! The nigger's going to kill you!"

I turned swiftly round, and then I saw a thing which almost made my heart stand still—and I was a strong, big young fellow then, not easily scared.

One of the Maoris had slipped away from the place where he was standing behind the chief, and unheard by me, unseen, he had got to within a few inches and raised his tomahawk above my head. At that very instant it was poised in the air, and in a second more——

But there was a flash and a crack and a twirling figure near me, and the Maori and his hatchet tumbled to the ground together.

One of my comrades had shot him dead—and can you wonder that in view of such treachery not even the chief himself was spared?

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Cap and Bells

GAME TO THE LAST.

FIRST YACHTSMAN (in the squall): "By Jove! If this keeps up we may as well bottle up a message to our friends."

SECOND YACHTSMAN: "If it comes to that, Jones, be sure not to use a beer bottle. Let 'em know we had champagne."

* * * * *

DOING HER PART.

STRUGGLING PASTOR: "Nearly all the congregation have subscribed liberally to the building fund, and I feel sure that I also have your hearty co-operation. How much will you——"

MRS. LEADER: "Let me see. Oh, I am the only member who has a carriage, I think?"

STRUGGLING PASTOR: "Yes, the rest are poor."

MRS. LEADER: "Well, I will drive round the district and collect the subscrip tions."

* * * *

A MATTER OF TASTE.

The lady had given the small boy an apple, and he had said nothing in recognition.

"What does a little boy say when he gets anything?" asked the lady insinuatingly.

He hesitated a moment.

"Some little boys," he said, "says 'thank you'; some says 'much obliged'; and some just keeps thinking how much better an orange is than an apple."

NOT FAIR PLAY.

TRAVELLER: "I say, miss, there's no meat in this sandwich."

WAITRESS: "No?"

TRAVELLER: "Don't you think you'd better give that pack another shuffle, and let me draw again?"

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A NATURAL QUESTION.

HE (passionately): "Something stirs within me."

SHE (calmly): "Why don't you drink filtered water?"

* * * * *

GOOD ADVICE.

PROFESSOR: "If you were called in a case where a man had fallen head foremost down a fifty-foot mining shaft, what would you advise?"

MEDICAL STUDENT: "Advise his friend to fill up the hole and save funeral expenses."

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SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR.

"I'm glad of one thing, anyhow," said Bill, whose father had been talking about the Income Tax.

"What's that, Bill?"

"I'm glad they didn't raise the income tax in time to give the man who wrote algebra a chance to put in questions about it."

* * * * *

Just mere shadows of their former selves.

[*CAP AND BELLS continued overleaf.*]

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Fat Persons Recover Lasting Beauty of Form.

When passing along a street or riding in some public thoroughfare one is often struck with a feeling akin to pity at the appearance of some good-featured, well-dressed woman who, were she not labouring under a burden of excessive fat, might win the admiration due to personal beauty. Doubtless the sufferer has tried many means of debarrassing herself of the humiliating incubus—semi-starvation, mineral drugging, sudorifics, and other abuses of the old order. Such methods are absolutely useless to effect a permanent reduction of weight, and to persist in them is to invite the greatest of evils, to injure the constitution, and shatter the nervous system. The elimination of excessive fatty matter is not necessarily the cure of that obstinate disease of obesity. The tendency to grow fat must be stopped, so that during the process of weight reduction, and after, plenty of wholesome food may be consumed without fear of the unhealthy superfluous fat reappearing. The famous Antipon treatment not only eliminates the superabundant adipose and stops the tendency to excessive fat development, but, being a digestive tonic of the greatest value, it promotes appetite, perfects the digestive process, and thus ensures normal nutrition. The blood, being thereby enriched, supplies proper nutriment to the muscular tissue, and the limbs soon recover their firmness and shapeliness. The whole frame undergoes a beneficent change through this generous feeding-up treatment, and the subject regains the beauty of perfect health as well as beauty of form and figure. Antipon begins to eliminate the superfluous fatty matter from the very first, and within a day and a night there is a diminution varying from 8oz. to 3lb., succeeded by a satisfactory daily reduction until complete and lasting recovery of normal weight, health, strength, vitality and beauty of form. Hundreds of grateful testimonials confirm all that can be claimed for the admirable Antipon treatment. Antipon is an attractive liquid containing only pure and harmless vegetable substances. It is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by chemists, stores, etc., or in case of difficulty may be obtained (on sending amount), privately packed and carriage paid, direct from the Antipon Company, 13 Olmar Street, London, S.E.

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KOKO

FOR THE HAIR

ENSURES MAGNIFICENT WAVY TRESSES.

THERE ARE TWO PHOTOGRAPHS (taken from life) given here which show the wonderful results obtained by the use of "**KOKO**." The lady whose photograph we reproduce on the left possesses Dark Brown hair, and the lady shown on the right is the envied possessor of Beautiful, Silky, Light Golden hair. Nothing else but "**KOKO**" has ever been used by these ladies—they can be seen at any time—to its systematic and intelligent use they owe their beautiful, soft, silky, WAVY tresses.

"KOKO" MAKES THE HAIR WAVY.

YOU CANNOT DYE YOUR HAIR WITH "**KOKO**" because it is absolutely free from colouring matter. You cannot make your hair greasy or sticky with it, because it contains no oil or grease,

BUT KOKO MAKES THE HAIR GROW, STOPS IT FALLING OUT, AND POSITIVELY ERADICATES DANDRUFF.

Beautiful Brown Hair. Koko did it.

Beautiful Light-Golden Hair. Koko did it.

SPECIAL OFFER TO INTRODUCE OUR PINO HAIR COLOUR.

To give readers an idea of the wonderful efficacy of PINO and KOKO used together, we pick the following letter from amongst others received. It can be seen at our office:—

"On my own hair the effect of Pino has certainly been remarkable. My hair had long been white about the ears, but a fortnight's use of Pino has restored it practically to its original colour, in fact to an improvement thereon." M.A., Oxon.

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K O 20 COUPON Mar.'08. O

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DEAR AT THE PRICE.

IRATE PATRON: "See here, sir. I dropped a penny into this machine, and nothing came out."

AGENT: "If nothing came out of it, that shows it's empty."

IRATE PATRON: "But, sir, what do I get for my penny?"

AGENT: "Information."

* * *

NOT LIKELY.

LITTLE JOHNNY: "That young man who comes to see you must be pretty poor company. He hasn't any sense of humour."

SISTER: "Why do you think so?"

LITTLE JOHNNY: "I told him all about the funny way you rush about and bang doors when you get in a temper, and he didn't laugh a bit."

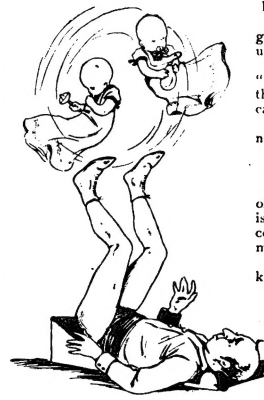
* * *

DISGUSTINGLY MEAN.

"Smith is a mighty mean man, I say," exclaimed Jenkins warmly.

"Why, what has Smith ever done to you?" asked Blenkinsop surprised.

"Bet me five pounds I couldn't hit a door with a revolver at five paces," said Jenkins. "Taunted me into taking him on. Got me to put up the money. Measured off the five paces in the presence of witnesses. Gave me a loaded revolver, and then set the door open edgewise."



This juggler's wondrous skill endears
Himself to his supporters;
Instead of with the whirling spheres,
He juggles with his daughters.

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

SERVANT: "Oh, miss. The grocer's young man chucked me under the chin, and kissed me!"

MISTRESS (indignantly): "What impudence! I'll go to the door myself next time he calls."

SERVANT: "Oh, miss, it'll be no use your going!"

* * *

INSIDE INFORMATION.

CLERK (in the Gas Company's office): "This bill of Wishlet's is too large. He couldn't have consumed so much gas last month."

BOOK-KEEPER: "How do you know?"

CLERK: "Er—um—I ought to know. I am paying my addresses to his daughter."

* * *

TACTFUL.

FAIR HOSTESS: "Now, Mr. Borem, you must spend one more evening with us before we go into our new house."

MR. BOREM (graciously): "Most certainly, with pleasure. When do you move?"

FAIR HOSTESS (doubtfully): "Pa is uncertain just when that will be, but not for a year or two at least."

* * * * * * * * *

WHAT ELSIE WANTS TO KNOW.

Elsie wants to know
If grandfather's clock
Isn't dreadful tired of saying nothing but "tick, tock"?
And—
Where'd that naughty hole come from that's in her nice, new sock?

Elsie wants to know
***Why* two and two are four?**
Wouldn't it be nicer if they made a little more?
And—
If the wind was angry when it went and banged the door?

Elsie wants to know
If it's really true
'Bout that nasty, cross, old woman living in a shoe?
And—
If *you* had as many children, what d'you think *you'd* do?

Elsie wants to know
Why a wheel has spokes?
Why *she* can't sit up till ten, the same as grown-up folks?
And—
Is it pipes or cigarettes the kitchen chimney smokes?

Elsie wants to know
Why the sun is hot?
Why sometimes she's good as gold, and other times she's not?
And—
Don't you think that, on the whole, she wants to know a lot?

Ada Leonora Harris.

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Irate Father: "I don't want you to visit my house again, sir."
Young Man (affably): "It is not your house I visit, sir, but your daughter."

A CURIOUS FACT.

MRS. VOKES: "Mrs. Crummer has a terrible cold just now."

MRS. GILLELAND: "How did she get it?"

MRS. VOKES: "By wearing a lined jacket."

MRS. GILLELAND: "Impossible!"

MRS. VOKES: "Not at all. She had to wear it open so that people could see the lining."

* * * * *

DEFIANCE UP-TO-DATE.

"I give no single person best:
No hulking giant frightens *me!*"
The little man threw out his chest.
"I wish you had been there to see——

"For I told Brown exactly what
I thought of him. Yes!—to his face!
I 'gave it to him very hot';
And called him names—his conduct, base."

"But did he not assault you, pray?"
A friend inquired. He shook his head.
"Brown spoke in such an angry way
I left the telephone," he said.

Leslie Thomas.

* * * *

A BACK-HANDED COMPLIMENT.

WIFE (who has just returned from the dentist): "I shall be awfully stupid now."

HUSBAND: "Why so, my dear?"

WIFE: "I have had all my wisdom teeth pulled out."

HUSBAND (with the best intention in the world): "Of course, my love, you know it's nothing but a superstition; the idea that wisdom teeth have anything to do with wisdom. If you were to have every tooth in your head drawn it couldn't make you any stupider, you know."

He succeeded in smoothing matters over, but it was a narrow escape.

INEXPLICABLE.

MISTRESS: "How is it I saw a soldier hugging you in the kitchen last night?"

MAID: "I don't know, ma'am, unless you were peeping through the keyhole."

* * * * *

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"Did you get much royalty on that last song of yours?" asked the wife of a composer on his return from his publisher.

"Not a penny. It doesn't sell. The title killed it," was the reply.

"What is the title?" she asked.

"The title is, 'Would that I were young again.' Not a woman in the country will sing it."

* * * * *

MODERN EDUCATION.

LADY (to French governess): "I am shocked to find that my daughter has been receiving letters in French from a young man."

GOVERNESS: "Pardon, madame, it is only my little ruse to cheat mam'selle into study. When she would reply to an unknown lover—a Frenchman—how quickly she will learn my language."

* * * * *

UNKIND.

"I've got a washing-machine here——" began the inventor.

The capitalist looked at him in the cold, calculating manner common to capitalists, and answered: "Well, if I were you, I'd run straight home and use it."

That night the anarchist band received another application for membership.

* * * * *

A PROMISING LAD.

". . . I'm so happy," she said. "Ever since my engagement to Charlie the whole world seems different. I do not seem to be in dull, prosaic London, but in——"

"Lapland," suggested the small brother.

Polite Sloth (meeting Squirrel on narrow path): "Pass on, madam. I can hang."

[CAP AND BELLS continued overleaf

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COMMERCIAL CANDOUR.

VISITOR: "Are all these ladies waiting for change?"

MERCHANT PRINCE: "Oh, dear, no. They are connected with the house. They stimulate trade by struggling with customers who try to approach the counter."

* * * * *

DRIVEN TO IT.

"Will you be mine?" he faltered.

She looked upon him with disdain. "I thought you knew better!"

His head sank upon his breast. "I do," he answered, "but they have all refused me one by one."

* * * * *

THAT WAS ALL.

"What's a' the greetin' aboot in your hoose this mornin,' Johnnie?"

"Oh, it's jist Wullie; when he was playin' in the pantry, he knockit the treacle jug aff the shelf on to his heid, an' my mither is caimin' his hair."

* * * * *

A LAST WISH.

HE (trembling): "I have one last wi-wish to ask you be-before we part in an-anger for ever."

SHE (sobbing): "Wha-what is it, Geo-George?"

HE: "Wi-will you—meet me next Th-Thursday as u-usual?"

SHE: "I wi-will, George."

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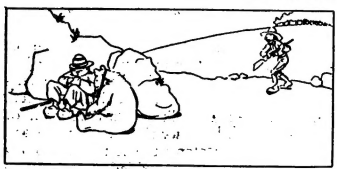
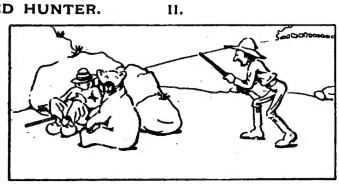
I. THE HUNTED HUNTER. II.





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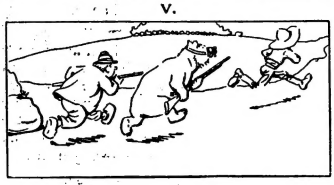

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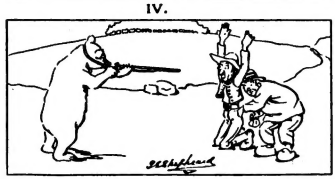

HOPELESS.

THE BRIDEGROOM (at the first stopping-place): "It's no use, Clara, we can't hide it from the people that we are married."

THE BRIDE: "What makes you think so, George?"

THE BRIDEGROOM (dejectedly): "Look here, the waiter has brought us rice pudding."

* * * * *

TO SALVE HIS HONOUR.

LITTLE CHARLEY (aged ten): "You have insulted my cousin Emmie."

LITTLE BOBBY (aged nine): "I'm ready to give you satisfaction."

LITTLE CHARLEY: "Then give me half of your apple."

A CRIME AGAINST HUMANITY.

"We are told to cast our bread upon the waters," said a young wife.

"But don't you do it," replied her husband. "A vessel might run against it and get wrecked!"

* * * * *

KIND OF HIM.

MISS COYGIRL: "Jack Softleigh told me last night that I ought to accept him because he was willing to prove his love for me."

HER FRIEND: "What did you say?"

MISS COYGIRL: "I said I couldn't see it in that light."

HER FRIEND: "Then what did he say?"

MISS COYGIRL: "Nothing. He just turned the light out."

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.

In my January number I offered five guineas for the copyright of the best photographic study of two children kissing. At the moment of writing (January 10th) all the efforts of competitors have not yet come to hand, so I must leave the announcement of my decision until next month. Meanwhile, I offer another five guineas for the best photograph of

CHILDREN AND ANIMALS.

You need not necessarily have more than one child and one animal in the photograph.

Let me repeat the conditions of the competition. The prize-winner will receive five guineas for the copyright of his photograph, which may be reproduced in THE ROYAL, together with a selection of the best efforts of other competitors. Each competitor whose work we reproduce, with the exception of the winner, will receive half-a-guinea consolation prize.

All competitors must send in their efforts not later than April 1st. All photographs should be carefully packed, marked "Photo Competition" in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to "The Editor, THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, 17 and 18 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C." Should competitors wish their efforts to be returned, they must inclose stamps sufficient to defray the postage.

MSS.

I'M not angry; I'm merely a little irritated. And I'll tell you why. Yesterday, when reading through my daily heap of MSS., it struck me forcibly how much time—and loss of temper—would-be authors would save their Editor if only they saw to it that their MSS. were so prepared as to make their consideration easy, and not a thing of torture.

I won't complain here of hand-written MSS.—though sometimes these are a burden to the flesh. Many young writers are unable to incur the expense of having their MSS. type-written, and they have my sympathy.

But what I do complain of is the way MSS. are pinned together—or not pinned together. Of the seven and twenty MSS. which I considered yesterday, five were in handwriting more or less legible, and nine so put together as to render their handling a source of constant irritation to a busy man. Instead of fastening the pages together in the top left-hand corner, as a MSS. should be fastened, most of these nine delinquents were sewn or fixed somehow together right across the top of the MSS. or along the left side. They had in each case been doubled into foolscap envelopes, and were heavily creased, so that the turning of every page was a matter for careful manipulation. I suppose I am more patient and long-suffering than most people, for all these nine sinners got careful consideration, and one of them I have just decided to buy. But some Editors are very irritable people—very irritable indeed—and I shouldn't mind betting my bottom dollar that MSS. like those nine wicked ones would have had short shrift at their hands.

"KINDLY EXCUSE."

It's becoming quite the fashion among my contributors to inclose a rhymed note with the manuscript which they send for my consideration. Mr. Herbert J. Brandon, whose verses appear frequently in these pages, is the latest to follow this fashion. I received from him a day or two ago the following lines:

You will kindly excuse; I acknowledge my verse,
Though it might be much better, could scarcely be worse;
Yet I beg, instead of bestowing a curse,
You will kindly excuse.

You will kindly excuse; I admit it is wrong
To write poems so weak, yet in one thing it's strong;
Though it's ever so bad, still it's not very long;
Therefore, kindly excuse.

You will kindly excuse; though I'm writing this lay
Yet I know that I've nothing important to say;
When you think of the many who act in this way;
You will kindly excuse.

You will kindly excuse; for I'm not much to blame;
When this poem is published they'll pay for the same;
As it may bring me cash, if it won't bring me fame,
You will kindly excuse.

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